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LEARNING AT A LOSS,

OR THE

A M O U R S

OF

MR. PEDANT and Miss HARTLEY.

V O L. II.





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An



LEARNING AT A LOSS,

OR THE

A M O U R S

O F

MR. PEDANT and Miss HARTLEY,

A N O V E L.

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I N T W O V O L U M E S.

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VOLUME THE SECOND.

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*Qui Studiis annos Septem dedit, Infenuitque  
Libris et Curis, Statuâ taciturnius Exit  
Plerumque, et Rifu populum Quatit.*

HORACE.

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## Learning at a Loss, &c.

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WILLIAM EASY to CHARLES  
MELMOTH.

*Foxhall, June,*

Dear *Melmoth*,

**I** AM just at this present Minute  
in as bad a Humour for Letter-  
writing, as any private Gentle-  
man need be. You see I confine  
myself to Privates, for Statesmen  
and Secretaries methinks should be  
allowed some greater Degree of La-  
titude for their Displeasures on this  
Head, as being more perpetually  
tormented with it. You'll find by  
my Date, where my Quarters are.  
I have been here about a Week, just

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Time

Time enough to assist at the Reception of your Brother, who arrived but a Day after me. He was followed on Tuesday last by two maiden Aunts of Sir *Thorobred's*, who live together at *York*, and were so obliging as to favour *Foxhall* with their Company 'till this Morning, when they left us, which I believe their ungracious Nephew is not very sorry for. What a Tribe of Aunts he has! Two at *York*, two at *Woodstock*; all Virgins; and a fifth at last married and settled in *Essex*, after having lived in fear of the Apes for above these twenty Years.

I spent an incomparable Evening yesterday, which perhaps you would not have suspected, when you hear who were our Party. It consisted of Miss *Rugg*, her two Aunts afore-

said

said, your Brother, strongly contrasted by *Tom Fetlock*, (who is now in Possession of the Living) the Baronet and Myself. Sir *Thorobred* having tired himself with Lunging a young Stone-horse in the Morning, suffer'd the Conversation to turn upon general Topics and Newspaper Intelligences, only reserving to himself the Liberty of putting in a Sentence now and then as he thought proper. Having dispatched the common Business of Weather, and remarked, without Reflection, that such a day had been excessive cold, or intensely hot, or wet, or dry, or neither, without any Regard to the Matter of Fact, which indeed was not necessary, as the acquiescing Spirit of the Company entirely agreed in whatever



the first Person advanced, however the Common Sense and Acceptation of Words might suffer by their Politeness ; we proceeded to touch a little upon *American* Matters, and the Behaviour of a late Reverend Criminal at his Execution. Alas, poor Doctor ! cried Aunt *Dorothy*, (who for some Time had been nodding over her Snuff-Box, whilst the Combination of Snivel and Rappee streamed its Chocolate Defluxions down her Handkerchief ;) Poor Man ! Well, they say he made a fine End ! Why, my dear Madam, cried Sir *Thorobred*, yawning, He entered at the Post, didn't he, and I'm told there was a dead Heat. Tho' some indeed pretend that he was smuggled over to *France*, which I don't believe a Word of. Why  
I was

I was there, says *Fetlock*, (who affects to be a Cock-fighter,) and I never in my Life saw any Man die better Game than he did; aye, and struck to the last. To be sure he wheel'd at first a little, but say what they will, your wheeling Cocks always fight the best Battle. What say you, *Thorobred*? Miss *Rugg* smiled, the old Ladies sniffed and wiped their Noses, and the Captain relaxing his Features agreeably, took out his Toothpick-case and began playing with the Contents of it.

I have told you that I arrived here about a Week ago, but have not mentioned a Mistake I had nearly fallen into. On getting out of my Chaise, I saw a tall young Fellow standing in the Yard, with



dark Hair crop'd short, a narrow-brimm'd Round-Hat bound with black Ferret upon his Head, and his *tout Ensemble* exactly corresponding with my Ideas of a Groom or a Stable-boy. Not happening to think of *Fetlock*, I was just meditating a Salutation of "Holla my Lad," to ask his Assistance in bringing in my Luggage, when he turned round, and thereby saved me an Infinity of Confusion and Apologies, which I should otherwise Infallibly have intailed upon myself. His Dress was a light Grey Coat with black Buttons, an outer Waistcoat of green and white striped Cotton, under which, as it was open at the Breast, I could descry at least seven Flannel ones faced with as many Scraps of different coloured

Sattins

Sattins; a Pair of Fustian Breeches with a Profusion of String at the Kneebands, white thread Stockings, a coloured Silk Handkerchief round his Neck, and an Hook'd-Stick in his Hand.

Having suppressed my intended Exclamation, I accosted him as a Gentleman, and made some feeble Efforts towards entering into an equine Conversation; which however I soon found my utter Incapacity of Supporting, being in less than five Minutes so completely bewildered with a Variety of Cant Phrases and Technical Terms, that I was obliged to change the Subject for one more generally Intelligible. During this Time Sir *Thorobred* was at some Distance in a Field, earnestly examining the Heel of one

of his Hunters, which *Fetlock* told me was gorged a little ; and as he was upon his Hands and Knees with his Hair hanging loose about his Shoulders, he exhibited methought no unapt Representation of King *Nebuchadnezzar* at Grass, towards the End of his seven Years Metamorphosis. Nor was the Similitude at all diminished by his nearer Approach to us. For “ his Dwelling  
 “ had been with the Beasts of the  
 “ Field, and his Body was wet with  
 “ the Dew of Heaven, and his  
 “ Beard was grown like Eagles  
 “ Feathers, and his Nails like Birds  
 “ Claws.”

Upon his coming up to us, I received from him an honest, hearty, downright Welcome, exemplified, or rather expressed by a violent Blow  
 on

on the Shoulder, and such a Shake by the Hand, as exposed the Oeconomy of my Bones and Cartilages to intolerable Jeopardy, and which indeed nothing but the Extremity of Friendship would have induced me to submit to, as his Paws were by no means exempt from the Nastiness attendant on Farriery. Having, however, survived the Satisfaction without material Injury, we all three adjourned to his Study, as he has thought proper to denominate it. And indeed, upon Reflection, I think he has much Reason on his Side, tho' probably without being sensible of it. *Cicero*, if you remember, defines Studium, or Study, to be the Attention and Application of the Mind to some one particular Object. And therefore, tho'

tho' the Name of a Study, or Repository for such Things as may assist us in this Pursuit, usually conveys the Idea of a Room particularly devoted to Books and Literature, inasmuch as the Studium of the generality of People tends that Way ; yet it is equally applicable to a Room equip'd in any Manner whatsoever, provided that Manner bears the same Affinity to the Studium of its Possessor. Whether our Friend's did, you shall be your own Judge. The Size of the Room you know is small, with two Windows, a Door and a Fire-place. The literary Part of its Furniture consisted of a pretty considerable Quantity of old Newspapers, Magazines, Racing Calendars, and Lists of Running Horses; which  
entirely



entirely occupied the Window Seats, and invellop'd the greatest Part of the Floor. On his Table was a *Bartlett's* Farriery garnished with Spurs, Spur-leathers and a Boot-jack; and the Remains of *Euclid's* Elements without a Cover, which he informed me was going the Way of all its University Companions, being constantly made Use of at his Cloacinean Sacrifices. His Chimney was decorated with Jockey Whips perpendicularly suspended from their Thongs, and every other Part of the Walls seemed loaded with an astonishing Variety of Curbs, Snaffles, Cavessons and Martingals, with five thousand other Instruments of Equestrian Utility, all as curious and entertaining to me, as the Weapons of *New Zealand*

*land* or *Otabeite*, or the old Bando-leers and Shot Pouches in the Armoury in the *Tower*. As it wanted some Hours to Dinner, we agreed that a Bottle of Strong Beer and some Slices of cold Ham would not be unseasonable. These were procured, and dispatched speedily; after which I retired to Dress myself, as did my two Companions to try a young Horse of *Fetlock's* at the Leaping Bar.

Miss *Rugg* and your Brother seem to find each other exceedingly agreeable, and if I may presume to prophesy, will not be averse in due Time to a Junction of Forces. The Captain's Method of Attack is not of the most vigorous Nature, but I dare say, is a very sure and judicious One. He seems to entertain



tain the same Idea of marrying a Wife, that he would of purchasing an House or a Farm. I don't mean Venally; but he seems to consider it as a serious Bargain to be made, which must be abided by, and would therefore chuse as thorough an Acquaintance with the Nature of his Purchase as possible. This is all very right I dare say, *Charles*, but I cannot be so exceeding methodical upon the Occasion. I cannot help admitting a little of the volatilized Spirit of Love into my Composition; whereas he conducts himself with a calm settled Resolution, never suffering any Flames or Darts to enter his Head on the Occasion. Not that I consider myself as a dying Strephon, with Willows and Billows and Pillows to recline on, nor

nor yet as a hot frantic Firebrand full of Jealousy and Madness, committing Extravagancies one Minute on purpose to beg Pardon for them the next, nor in short any way altered in the usual Tenor of my Behaviour by the Fascination of Female Attractions. At least I hope not, for they say People in Love are blind to the Absurdities of their own Conduct. Pray tell me, therefore, in Friendship, if you discover any Thing in my Letters at all favouring of *Bedlam*, or whether you should think it necessary to consult *Monro* or *Battie* upon the Occasion?

“*Hei mihi! quod nullis Amor  
est medicabilis Herbis!*” said  
*Apollo*, the Head of the College of  
Physicians, a good many Years ago,  
when

when he was desperately unsuccessful in some Love Affair, and rather desponding and low about it. However, he speaks only of the Vegetable World, so perhaps since the Introduction of Minerals into Medicine, a poor Lover's Case may not be quite so Immedicable. In Expectation of your Opinion on this Head, I remain, my dear *Charles*,

Yours, sincerely,

W. EASY.

*Captain*

*Captain* MELMOTH to CHARLES  
MELMOTH, Esq;

*Foxball, July*

*My dear Brother,*

**I**T would perhaps be needless to say any thing about the Heat of the Weather to you, did I not intend to employ it as the Excuse for my epistolary Omissions. Upon my Honour it has been too intense for these last ten Days to attempt any thing, particularly so laborious a Business as that of Letter-writing. My Hours here pass on very smoothly, calm and unruffled, unless by the occasional Vociferation of my good Baronet, who is eternally abusing me, because I sometimes

sometimes read Italian, and avowedly proclaim my Detestation of the Smell of Horse-dung. I guess you have heard how much I am determined upon marrying his Sister. She is a very good Girl, and I think may contribute to make me more comfortable than I am at present. So I have been laying regular Siege to her Heart and Understanding ever since my Arrival, and I believe with considerable Success. Sir *Thorobred* approves of it in his Way as much as I can wish him; I approve of it highly; our Fortunes are sufficient to authorize the Step; and in short nothing is wanted but her Consent absolute, (for I consider her tacit as given already,) and her Uncle's Approbation, to conclude our Treaty. What think you, *Charles*,

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Shall



Shall I do well “ *Ex nitido fieri*  
“ *Rusticus*? To change my Red  
Coat with Lace for an unornamented  
Brown one, and without becoming  
Sayage or Grazier, to endeavour at  
getting my Health in a quiet family  
Way, and raising Children for the  
Defence of my Country in future,  
instead of personally fighting for it  
at present? I have told you already  
that my Time passes very smoothly,  
but I will give you a Description of  
my daily Labours, and let you judge  
for yourself. I generally rise about  
Seven, and stroll into the Garden  
with my constant Companion Lord  
*Chesterfield*. Here we walk for about  
an Hour, entertaining ourselves  
with each other's Conversation, and  
every two or three Turns perhaps  
stopping to take a View of Sir  
*Thorobred,*

*Thorobred*, who is deeply engaged on the other Side of the Hedge in the elegant Occupation of breaking two young Horses for his Phaeton, and haranguing his Friend *Fetlock*, who attends with a long Whip in his Hand, in all the Mode and Figure of Equestrian Vulgarity. *Entre nous*, this *Fetlock* is sometimes a most intolerable Fatigue to me. The Baronet is at least a rational Savage, and will sometimes divert and be entertaining even upon the Subject of his own Oddities; but his Chaplain, or Aid du Camp, is insipid to the most distressing Degree. Sir *Thorobred* often attempts to better my Opinion of him, by informing me, what an honest good-natured Fellow he is, and far be it from me to say otherwise.



wife. It would be cruel to detract from the Merits of a Person who can so very ill afford it, 'twere like robbing a poor Beggar of his Half-penny. But still 'tis hard one must be condemned to suffer his Company. He never commits even a laughable Absurdity, unless by mere Accident. The most ridiculous Anecdote I ever heard concerning him, and that too by the Contrivance of Sir *Thorobred*, was his falling asleep at *Foxball* after a Drinking Match on Saturday Afternoon, and continuing in that Situation till the Monday Morning, (I believe it was not above a Week before my Arrival,) when he waked about Eight o'Clock perfectly Sober, dressed himself, breakfasted, took his Horse out of the Stable, and departed

parted very quietly with his Sermon in his Pocket to officiate at his Parish Church, which is about a Mile distant. Upon his Arrival there however, not finding any Appearance of a Congregation, he rode twice round the Church-yard, kicked stoutly at the Vestry Door, damned his Clerk and Parishioners separately and altogether for a Parcel of negligent Heathens, and returned perfectly satisfied that *he* had at least performed *his* Duty, and paid a due Reverence to the Sanctity of the Sabbath.

Well, after Breakfast, Charles, I attach myself to Miss *Rugg*; ride or walk out with her, and Discourse of my Exploits in *America*,

“ Of Battles, Sieges, Fortunes,  
 “ Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,  
 “ Of hair-breadth 'Scapes i'th' imminent deadly  
 Breach,”

and so on, 'till, like another *Des-  
 demona*, she almost

“ Loves me for the Dangers I have past,  
 “ And I love her that she does Pity them.”

For, in Truth, many of them were  
 very worthy of Pity, and such as I  
 will not undergo again whilst the  
 Enemy keep on their own Side the  
 Atlantic. Many Times, *Charles*,  
 during our Confinement in *Boston*,  
 have I worn the same Shirt for three  
 Days together; lived invariably  
 upon Rice and Salt Pork, and when  
 at length the Place was evacuated,  
 I was absolutely reduced to my last  
 Pint of Lavender Water. Some-  
 times these Conversations are bro-  
 ken

ken in upon by Sir *Thorobred*, who enquires whether we could turn our Horses to Grass there, and how much a Load I supposed our Hay might cost Government. Apropos of Sir *Thorobred*. He always wears his Hat in the House, and has besides an uncivilized Custom of throwing his Legs into the Seat of any Chair that happens to stand near him, if empty; or if occupied, he entangles his Boots and Spurs so effectually with the Bars of it, as to expose the Stockings of his Neighbour to unavoidable Destruction, and his Body to imminent Danger of a Fall. I was sitting next to him yesterday Evening, when he entertained himself in this Manner. Presently I rose from my Chair, in which, as I expected,

pected, his Legs immediately posted themselves. Sir *Thorobred*, said I, that Chair I left for your Hat to lie in; and *Apropes de Botes*, ringing the Bell, I am now going to give Orders that the gouty Cradle may be brought to support your Legs, which I should think a much properer Place for them. He stared for half a Minute in my Face, damn'd me for an odd Fellow, flung his Hat into the Middle of the Room, called for his Slippers, and begging I would lend him my Pocket-glass, began digging his Jaw-bone with his Horse-picker as composedly as if it had been the Hoof of the Animal it appertained to.

Alas! poor Brute! he is utterly incorrigible I believe! I have several



ral Times attempted persuading him to keep his Nails within some tolerable Bounds of civilized Longitude; for at present they are entirely in a State of unimproved Nature, full as Extensive and infinitely less Delicate than the Talóns of a Chinese Mandarin; but I have not the Happiness of discovering the least Shadow of Improvement arising from it. Ah *Thorobred*, thou art a well meaning Fellow! But *Χαριτες*, my Dear Baronet, *Χαριτες*!

Adieu, *Charles*,

Yours, *George Melmoth*.

CHARLES

CHARLES MELMOTH to WILLIAM  
EASY.

*Melmoth Place, July,*

*My Dear Easy.*

I AM sorry to write on a Subject which I doubt not will sensibly afflict you. Our poor Friend *Harry* is no more ! I received a Letter Yesterday from *Ned Freeman*, who went Abroad with him, informing me of his Decease. “ Wearied of  
“ Life (says he) before he had well  
“ entered into it ; with a Temper  
“ soured by Reflexion, and a Consti-  
“ tution ruined by Excess, he died  
“ unknown and unregarded at *Lisbon*  
“ in the twenty-second Year of his  
“ Age. Except Myself and his  
“ Servant



“ Servant there was not a Soul in  
 “ the Place that he could speak to.  
 “ We were with him in his last  
 “ Moments, and, I declare to you  
 “ that it was with the utmost diffi-  
 “ culty I supported myself through  
 “ the Scene. There is at all Times  
 “ something inconceivably Awful  
 “ in that last Agony of convulsed  
 “ Nature. But in the present In-  
 “ stance it was particularly so. To  
 “ see him Pale and Emaciated, fall-  
 “ ing in the Prime of Youth, a  
 “ Sacrifice to his own Imprudence.  
 “ To see every Feature distorted,  
 “ every Nerve striving with its  
 “ Dissolution, and Nature by her  
 “ strong repeated Struggles, loud-  
 “ ly exclaiming that her Time was  
 “ not yet come ; is a Spectacle too  
 “ affecting to be looked upon with  
 “ Com-

“ Composure. It was near three  
 “ Hours before he breathed his last,  
 “ with his Eyes fixed stedfastly on  
 “ me, and his Hands firmly grasp-  
 “ ing one of mine. Before you  
 “ receive this, I shall probably be  
 “ on my Passage to *England*, with  
 “ our poor Friend’s Body.”

Surely, *Easy*, this is a Melan-  
 choly History! The Inattention of  
 his Guardians, and the certain  
 Prospect of an immense Fortune  
 immediately upon his coming of  
 Age, were the Cause of his Mis-  
 fortunes. Happy had it been for  
 him, if his Father had lived a few  
 Years longer! It is amazing too  
 how greatly his Manner of Life  
 had altered his Disposition. He had  
 latterly lost all that Mirth, that  
 Ease and Gaiety of Heart which  
 rendered

rendered his Company so universal-  
 ly desirous, and was become peev-  
 ish and dissatisfied with every thing.  
 I never shall forget what he said to  
 me, as we were sitting together in  
 his Dressing-Room, but a few  
 Weeks before he went Abroad. I  
 think it was the last Conversation  
 we ever had together. “ *Melmoth*  
 “ (says he) I am Unhappy! I am  
 “ sick of my Follies, and almost  
 “ wearied of my Life! I enter into  
 “ Company without Enjoying it; I  
 “ frequent public Places, but they  
 “ are become Indifferent and Irk-  
 “ some to me. Nothing amuses me!  
 “ I wish I had lived as you have,  
 “ *Melmoth!* ”

To quit a Subject so unpleasant,  
 let me enquire a little into your  
 Course

Course of Employment at *Foxhall*.  
 For Instance, how do you spend  
 your Mornings? do you ride, or  
 walk, or sit at Home and read  
 those curious Tracts, which you  
 say Sir *Thorobred's* Study abounds  
 with? I should think, with a little  
 Application under so excellent a  
 Master, you might soon acquire a  
 very competent Stock of Theore-  
 tical Horsemanship; I never pre-  
 sume to expect anything considera-  
 ble from you in the practical Parts.  
 A few Days ago I received Advices  
 from *George*, giving such satisfac-  
 tory Accounts of his amatorial  
 Progresses, that I expect every New-  
 paper to read Particulars of the  
 Marriage. I am heartily glad to  
 find Matters in so fair a Train with  
 him, because I think he will do a  
 much

much wiser Thing in marrying an amiable Girl with a good Fortune, than in returning to live upon Salt-Beef and Honour in *America*. I have a Wife, *Easy*, and I want to see all my Friends in the same Situation, which believe me is a much more comfortable one than many silly People imagine. With due Compliments to the Inhabitants of *Foxhall* in general, and that Centaur Sir *Thorobred* in particular, I remain,

Yours ever,

*Charles Melmoth.*

WILLIAM



WILLIAM EASY to CHARLES  
MELMOTH.

*Foxhall, July,*

*Dear Melmoth,*

**Y**OUR melancholy Account of  
our Friend's Decease gives me  
much Concern. Poor *Harry*, I am  
sincerely sorry for him! Not that  
he is Dead, for I do not think Death  
a Thing to be lamented; nor yet  
that he died in the Prime of Life.  
'Tis not his End, but the Causes  
and Manner of it, the unhappy  
Course of Dissipation which occa-  
sioned it, and the Stain *that* may  
throw upon a Character in itself  
truly amiable, which I grieve for.  
But I will not trouble you with a  
Detail

Detail of Reflexions on this Head, as I have thrown them into a few elegiac Stanzas to disbuthen my Mind a little of a Subject which I could not help dwelling upon. These I send to you in Confidence: So far however from wishing (tho' I have disposed them in the Manner of an Epitaph) that they should be inscribed on his Monument, that I even would not chuse they should be seen by any Person except those few Friends who can drop a Tear of Pity when they chance to think of his Failings, but will always honour his Memory for the Goodness and Excellence of his Heart.

In Memoriam Infelicis Juvenis.

Here sleeps, a Martyr to illicit Love,  
 The Breast that once each nobler Feeling fir'd ;  
 The Mind that Virtue's Self might well approve,  
 Had Prudence check'd what amorous Youth in-  
 [spir'd.

Pure were his Thoughts, and innocent his Joys !  
 But early Wealth seduc'd his easy Soul !  
 Soft Scenes of Pleasure seem'd to court his Choice,  
 And Youth and Nature sicken'd at Controul.

Each varied Luxury of Sense was there,  
 That Art could form, or Fancy's Pow'rs design ;  
 Fair laugh'd the Feast, with mirthful Freedom fair,  
 And Beauty crown'd th' imperfect Joys of Wine.

Alas ! How soon th' illusive Pageant Flies !  
 Dark Clouds of Death obscure his dawning Day !  
 In a strange Land, unknown, unwept, he Lies ;  
 A dreadful Warning to the Young and Gay.

Unknown ! Unwept ! Save where the secret Tear  
 Steals in sad Silence from the Muse's Eyes,  
 Left wrinkled Age, injuriously severe, [Vice.  
 Should wrong his Follies with the Name of  
 But

But ye! Wild Partners of my hapless Friend!  
 Pass not unheedful by this sacred Stone! [End,  
 And when your heaving Breasts would mourn his  
 Mourn for his Frailties, and correct your own.

---

Adieu, my poor inconsiderate Friend!

“ The earth that Bears Thee dead,  
 “ Bears not alive so brave a Gentleman.  
 “ Adieu, and take thy Praise with thee to Heav’n;  
 “ Thy Ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave,  
 “ But not remember’d in thy Epitaph.”



And now *Melmoth*, let me Answer your Questions concerning Myself and my Amusements. In the first Place then, all my odd Half-Hours, which are a good many, are devoted to the Study of *Tooke's Pantheon*, and the *Nomina Propria* in *Ainsworth's Dictionary*. Can you conceive any thing more  
 D 2                      edifying?

edifying? But I read them to refresh my Memory, and prepare myself more fully for an heathenish Stile of Conversation with *Pedant*, if he should happen to spend the Summer with us at *Hartley's*. The Books lie upon the Floor in Sir *Thorobred's* Study, from whence Drafts are made occasionally to be employed in the same Services as his *Euclid's* Elements; and indeed I find their Pages suffer such considerable Decrease, that I am obliged to Study very vigorously, in order to keep up with him in his Consumption. Then I sometimes ride after Breakfast, but "Soberly," as Lady *Grace* says; Not in the frantic whip and cut Stile of a *Nimrod*, nor with the more dignified Pomposity of the Manege, like a King  
*William*



*William* the Third in old Tapestry.  
 And then if any Log, or broken  
 Hurdle, or Furze-bush should  
 sprout up in my Way, I never  
 risque the whole Army at once, but  
 pass it in two Divisions. *Videlicet*,  
 myself first, as being of the great-  
 est Consequence, and afterwards  
 my Cavalry. Or sometimes if the  
 Passage should be very much ob-  
 structed, I place my Horse in the  
 Van, as Pioneer or Forlorn Hope,  
 and bring up myself as the sustain-  
 ing Party. You know which he is,  
*Sir Thorobred's* old Grey Poney.  
 I can tell you we are very great  
 Friends. Age and Experience have  
 cooled down all the little Tricks and  
 Vanities which more youthful Qua-  
 drupeds are subject to, and as each  
 pays the most punctilious Regard to

his own particular Safety, we are excessively cautious of Hazarding any thing that might break the Bond of Union between us. I fear, however, we shall be under the Necessity of Parting in a Day or two, as my Time of Furlow is nearly elapsed, and old *Hartley* will begin to be impatient for the Execution of his University Plans. *Vale Charles,* believe me,

Yours,

W. EASY,

*Miss*

*Miss HARTLEY to Miss RUGG.*

*Hill-Street, July,*

**W**ELL my cunning reserved little Madam, I have heard of all your Coquetries to ensnare the poor *Melmoth*, though you have not thought fit to write to me since his Arrival amongst you. Indeed, I think you might have found some spare half Hour to scribble in, and acquaint me a little how Matters went on; especially, as you had declared your Intentions with such a pretty blushing Bashfulness in your last Letter. Upon my Honour, you deserve to be plagued a little. “ Should nothing Material prevent, “ I shall probably spend great Part

D 4

“ of

“ of the Summer with my Brother,  
 “ as he seems to wish much for my  
 “ Company.”

How very pretty and sisterlike  
 that was of you, wasn't it? But  
 then, “ *We* are not without Hopes  
 “ of seeing Captain *Melmoth*.”  
 How that comes stealing in, as if it  
 thought to escape unobserved. And  
 presently it is, “ Somehow or  
 “ other, *I* wish he may come down  
 “ to us.” How we have changed  
 by Degrees, from the Plural to the  
 Singular! And then in the next  
 Sentence, “ He is such an agree-  
 “ able Man, and so ready to do as  
 “ I please with.”

O you little Gipsy! They may  
 talk as they please, but I'll be  
 hanged if one such little Puritan as  
 yourself won't cost a Lover more  
 Pains

Pains and Attendance, and give him more Plague, aye, and play him more Tricks too, than half a Dozen of us mad-headed ones. And then to put yourself to the Trouble of telling a naughty Story and denying it, and afterwards running into the love-sick Strain so artfully, as if you had forgot that you were writing about your Brother.

Indeed I must in Charity believe, that you did it all on Purpose, or I shall never have any Mercy on you. But you should really have written to me. For my Part, I have nothing but Scribbling to amuse me at present. *Easy* (as you may guess by the Time of his leaving *Foxhall*,) came here but *Tuesday*, and this Morning he was packed up in a Post-chaise with my Father,  
and



and transported to *Oxford* in pursuit of my Spouse and Tutor elect. Poor Fellow, I dare say he could have found a Better, without the Expence of Travelling in search of him. However, he is gone, and his poor disconsolate *Kitty* has no other Business but to “Wake and “Weep,” and read Novels by Lamplight all Night, and to write Letters and accompany despairing Ditties with her Piano Forte all Day. However, I made him swear eternal Fidelity, and so forth, in the true Stile of Chivalry, before his Departure to that Country of Necromancers and Inchanters, whom he promises to destroy and spare not, unless they acknowledge the incomparable Princess he worships, to be the very Flower and Paragon  
of

of Perfection: nay, he farther engages, that he will make them appear, in due Form, as Slaves before my Footstool, saying, “ I am  
 “ the profound Metaphysician and  
 “ Logician Puzzlearius, Governor  
 “ of the College of A. B. who  
 “ being vanquished by the superior  
 “ Valour and Arguments, &c. &c.”

I fancy he will find this Task rather difficult, for by the Specimen I have seen, I believe the odd Things would rather forfeit all Pretensions to Chivalry and every Thing else, than endure the Terror of passing five Minutes in a Woman's Company, in which Time at farthest they must have emptied their whole Budget of Conversation. To speak seriously though, I have no Idea of *Pedant's* being prevailed upon  
 to

to return with them, by any Arguments whatsoever. If he should not, my Father's Plan of Operations for the present at least, will be entirely deranged, and before he can form any new Ones, *Easy* is to chop Logic, quote Greek, bring him into a good Humour after Dinner, and then, having recounted his numerous Services and unparallel'd Disinterestedness, ask my Hand of him in Form. If on the Contrary, the Pedantic Animal's Avarice, or some other strange Infatuation, should prompt him to hazard a long Vacation in *Dorsetshire*; why, he will be a delightful Subject to exercise one's ill Humours upon, and after having stayed there 'till every Idea has been ridiculed out of him, he may return Home to be the laughing

ing Stock of his Fellow Savages, and leave *Easy* in peaceable Possession of the Victory and the Prize; for I don't doubt my Father's Goodness, if we can but once drive this nonsensical Chimera out of his Head.

Oh, I must tell you now tho' whilst I think of it, what a Sacrifice *Easy* has made at my Shrine, and what Incense he has been offering to that dear favourite Foible of ours, Vanity. He begged indeed, an assuming Fellow! That I would not communicate them to any body, but we Women you know never can conceal these Matters from each other; tho' I really do not think you deserve them, after the sly Stile of Secrecy, which you would have adopted towards me, if your  
Pen

Pen would have suffer'd you. However, if you will beg Pardon, and be a good Girl, I'll not keep you any longer in Suspence. They are two languishing Epistles, the Produce of an unalterable Passion which he sustained in his younger Days, for a Lady whom he calls *Delia*, and to whom he is distantly related.

As *Delia's* Papa and Mama lived entirely in the Country, the young People had not met since they were Children, and *Colin's* Parents, (for so he calls himself) having no very good Opinion of Miss *Delia*, had often described her to him in a Manner not the most favourable. One Summer, however, they resolved to pay old Mr. *Delia* a Month's or six Weeks Visit; and it being



being Vacation Time with young Mr. *Colin*, who was then of the University, he of course accompanied them. And then it was, that the superlative Excellence and Goodness of Miss *Delia* struck him through the Liver! Poor Man, he was in a sad Way about it: for Miss *Delia*, tho' she treated him very kindly, was unluckily engaged already to a Man of very considerable Fortune; and when, after some Time, he attempted to prefer his Suit, she revealed to him the State of the Case, and shewed him one or two Letters from her other Lover, Mr. *Corydon*, which entirely drove poor *Colin* to Desperation. Then, it fortunately happened, that instead of hanging or drowning himself, as a downright ignorant Fellow

Fellow would have done in similar Circumstances ; Poetry came to his Aid, and he presented her with the first Epistle.

Soon afterwards she became Mrs. *Corydon*, and within a Month more the inexorable *Parcæ* cut down her Husband. Upon this, not having Leisure to Versify, lest any other Claimant should step in before him, he had nothing for it but to administer Comfort as early as possible in plain Prose, and endeavour to bring himself upon the *Tapis* again. She however, is utterly Inconsolable, and after having got the Funeral over and taken a little time for Consideration, absolutely determines upon a perpetual Retirement and Seclusion from the World in General. This you may imagine

gine, produces a second Piece of Poetry from her Inamorato, longer than the first ; wherein, after having said a great many fine Things, and attack'd her with a Profusion of Morality and Sentiment, he considers himself as bound in common Politeness to imitate her illustrious Example, pitches upon a very pretty Cave for the Place of his Retirement, and resolves to surrender his Body to Tears and Meditations whilst living, and to Flesh-flies and Jack-daws after he is dead, without Benefit of Clergy or Christian Burial. In consequence of these pious Determinations on both Sides, she is married within a Twelvemonth to a Man old enough to be her Grandfather, but with a very large Fortune ; and he, having amused

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himself for several Years amongst the Groves and Solitude of the Temple Gardens, is at present — just as I would have him be.

I have inclosed the two Pieces of Poetry which he gave me, the Prose I was only suffer'd to read before he burnt them.

Adieu, my dear *Rugg*;

Believe me your very affectionate,

CATHARINE HARTLEY.

COLIN

COLIN *to* DELIA,

*On her approaching Marriage with*  
CORYDON.

**R**EAD, or O say! have present Joys effac'd  
Each Thought, each fond Remembrance  
[of the past?

Can that blest Rival censure one sad Sigh,  
One transient Tear to me and Misery?  
Read; nor with cold Severity reprove  
Th' unconquer'd Struggles of distracted Love:  
Grant one last Look of Comfort to my Grief,  
One sympathetic Strain of sad Relief;  
Then all my Woes in dark Oblivion drown,  
And yield thy Soul to Bliss and *Corydon*.

Curst be the Hour!—No—be it ever blest,  
When first thy Beauty struck my astonish'd Breast:  
The wild Luxuriance of thine auburn Hair,  
Thy Mien majestic, Face divinely fair,  
Seem'd like th' ideal Phantom of a Dream:  
I saw, I wonder'd, but could not esteem.  
Vile Prejudice with bigotted Controul  
Check'd every nobler Feeling of my Soul:



Still in my Ear base Slander whisper'd Lies,  
 Beheld Vivacity, and nam'd it Vice;  
 Did any dare applaud your Wit or Sense,  
 'Twas sneering Satire all and Impudence.—  
 Gods, how I err'd ! could I thus grossly Sin,  
 Or think so fair a Form so foul within !  
 Thus think of her, whose Virtues now I see,  
 And Honour almost to Idolatry !  
 Yet how sincerely I bewail'd my Crimes,  
 And curst th' unfeeling Malice of the Times,  
 Curst my weak Heart, that could so soon believe  
 Such Excellence was made but to deceive ;  
 Bear witness Heav'n ! and thou, fair Maid, forgive !  
 For whom alone I can endure to live ;  
 Forgive this Error, 'tis my last Request ;  
 Then welcome Solitude, my Mind's at rest.

Scarce had three Suns their daily Circuit ran,  
 And the fourth Morn reveal'd its Light to Man,  
 When with full Radiance on my dazzled Sense  
 Beam'd forth the Wonders of your Excellence.  
 There, veil'd in all the Sprightliness of Youth,  
 Sat meek-eyed Modesty and honest Truth ;  
 There calm Religion reign'd with sweet Controul ;  
 The Sanctity of Thought and Snow of Soul  
 Their heav'n descended Influence there combin'd,  
 To prove thy Face less beauteous than thy Mind.  
Slander

Slander beheld, and shudd'ring with Affright,  
 Plung'd headlong 'midst the Shades of endless  
 [Night.

Ah me! whilst yet I breath my mournful Strain,  
 Fresh Woes arise, and aggravate my Pain.  
 Fix'd in my tortur'd Mind's distracted Waste  
 Sits Memory, 'tween the present and the past  
 Forming dire Parallels: how erst among  
 The shadowing Grove's dark gloom we rov'd along;  
 Then, whilst my Soul dissolv'd in amorous Bliss,  
 Plann'd idle Schemes of endless Happiness;  
 Thy Voice, soft soothing, flatter'd my Desire,  
 Rouz'd every Sense, and fill'd my Breast with Fire.  
 Thus rapt in Extacy my Moments past,  
 Ah! Extacy too wonderful to last!  
 When one curst Hour, one blasting Stroke of Fate,  
 Down hurl'd me from my Pinnacle of State;  
 Snatch'd every vain ideal Hope of Bliss,  
 And whelm'd me deep in Woe's extreme Abyfs.

Unfeeling Maid! by such harsh Means to prove  
 The boundless Influence of Almighty Love!  
 Had those sad Papers been at first reveal'd,  
 Or ever from my cheated Sight conceal'd;  
 One last Farewell, one heart-breaking Adieu,  
 Had torn my struggling Soul from Love and you:  
 Or still of happy Ignorance possess'd,  
 I had enjoy'd a visionary Rest;

Till shudd'ring with Astonishment and Fear,  
 Loud nuptial Hymns had pierc'd my affrighted Ear;  
 And, as with Lightning blasted, my strange Doom  
 Had sunk me deep, deep in the Grave's dark  
 [Womb.

Think not I seek to interrupt your Joys,  
 Upbraid your Conduct, or condemn your Choice:  
 My Happy Rival boasts far nobler Birth,  
 Vows earlier plighted, and superior Worth;  
 Propitious Fortune blest his Natal Hour,  
 And *Plutus* hail'd him in a golden Show'r;  
 Ten thousand Heifers o'er his Pastures rove:—  
 My only Wealth was Competence and Love!  
 No—Could you, pitying as these Lines you see,  
 Bid me still live to Happiness and Thee;  
 Could you for me, unmindful of your Vows,  
 Burst from th' Embraces of your promis'd Spouse;  
 For me, in some lone Cot consent to dwell,  
 And bid your Country and your Friends farewell:  
 Wretch tho' I am, the Prize I'd still forego,  
 Nor wish such Joys, e'en to my deadliest Foe.

Live, long and happy! nor disturb your Bliss,  
 With one sad Thought of *Colin's* Wretchedness:  
 Or should soft Pity prompt you still to bear  
 The Memory of a Youth you once held dear;  
 Still grant me your Esteem, since Love must end,  
 And tho' the Wife be lost, remain the Friend.

COLIN

## COLIN to DELIA,

*On the Death of CORYDON.**Written at the University.*

**I**F, from these gloomy Walls, these antique  
 [Tow'rs,  
 Where meagre Study wastes the midnight Hours;  
 Where Pedant Learning sits severe, nor knows  
 The Anguish of an hopeless Lover's Woes;  
 Yet *Delia*, yet again 'tis giv'n to mourn,  
 Vent all my Grievs, nor be receiv'd with scorn  
 Accept these heart-felt Strains: nor fear to join  
 The bitter Sorrows of thy Cup with mine.  
 Mix Tear with Tear, heave slow th' alternate Sigh;  
 We may at least unite in Misery.  
 This Step nor Friends, nor Fortune Disallows;  
 Nor the pale Phantom of thy shrouded Spouse.

O *Corydon*! in Life's aspiring bloom  
 Snatch'd from a Bride's Embraces to the Tomb!  
 Methinks I see thy lingering Spirit fly,  
 And scarce quit her for Heav'n without a Sigh;  
 Methinks I see thee 'midst th' Angelic Choir,  
 Strike the soft Warblings of thy pensive Lyre,  
 With listless Eye th' *Ethereal* Mansions range,  
 Look sadly down, and half regret the Change!



Rest, virtuous Youth, supremely blest in Heav'n!  
 Nor scorn this Tribute by a Rival giv'n :  
 No storied Urn, no funeral Dirge you need,  
 Vain empty Off'rings to the senseless Dead !  
 Silent be Fame, and hush'd be every Voice,  
 Your Worth stands blazon'd by your *Delia's*  
 [Choice.

Nor thou, fair Maid, esteem it feign'd, that here  
 I breath sad Strains of Sorrow o'er his Bier :  
 To see thee blest was all my Wish below,  
 The first best Gift God's Bounty could bestow ;  
 Those Dreams are fled, so cruel Fate decreed,  
 And a long Train of thickening Ills succeed :  
 Rest of your Lord, no second you approve,  
 But shrine your Soul in monumental Love.  
 By the pale Tapers dimly glimm'ring Light  
 Count the long Moments of the tedious Night,  
 Or with slow Step, majestically sad,  
 Seek the damp Aisle where his cold Corse is laid,  
 Invoke his Shade to prove your Vow sincere,  
 And bid the World farewell without a Tear.

And canst thou, *Delia*, canst thou waste thy Bloom  
 In some dark solitudes sequester'd Gloom ?  
 Canst thou forget the Honours of thy Race ?  
 Say, canst thou yield that fair, that faultless Face  
 A Prey to Grief, a voluntary Slave ;  
 So sweet a Flower to wither o'er a Grave ?—

No



No—yet again in this World's Pleasures join,  
 Again in all thy fatal Beauty shine ;  
 In social Mirth Life's transient Hours employ,  
 Nor sour'd by Grief, nor mad with thoughtless Joy:  
 On Reason's Rules let every Action move :  
 What she prescribes, Religion must approve.

Let peevish Dotards bid the World adieu,  
 And censure Joys they can no more pursue ;  
 Let Avarice barter Soul and Body's Health  
 To roll in Piles of solitary Wealth ;  
 Let Superstition, big with righteous Pride,  
 Pard'ning herself, damn all the World beside ;  
 With pious Rancour 'gainst Mankind inveigh,  
 And thank her God she is not made as they ;  
 Condemn the Blessings by his Mercy giv'n  
 To smoothe this mortal Pilgrimage to Heav'n :  
 'Tis thine to spend thy little Hour on Earth  
 In social Comforts and becoming Mirth ;  
 Catch the World's guiltless Pleasures as they fly,  
 Thankful to live, yet not afraid to die ;  
 Breathe the soft Air of resignation's Gale :  
 Thus speaks thy Friend, and let his Voice prevail.

And is that all ? must my Fierce Passions bend  
 To the cold Names of Monitor and Friend ?  
 Can those weak, formal, empty Titles, prove  
 To what Excess of Misery I love ?  
 Ah, fond, aspiring, interested Youth,  
 In vain you preach up Righteousness and Truth ;  
 In

In vain with pious Fraud yourself deceive,  
 And teach your willing Senses to believe;  
 Pretend 'tis pure Religion's Flame you feel,  
 And grace your Passion with the Name of Zeal;  
 Nor Grace, nor Zeal, Love only Fires your Lays,  
 'Tis the Heart dictates, and the Hand obeys.

Come then, in all thy Pride of Beauty, come;  
 Pronounce my Sentence, stamp my final Doom!  
 Come!—Let me clasp thee in my'enraptur'd Arms,  
 Drink in thy matchless Luxury of Charms;  
 With quivering Lips, caressing and caress,  
 Rouse the tumultuous Heavings of thy Breast;  
 Then, lost in Love, and sick'ning with Desire,  
 Sunk on thy Neck, triumphantly Expire.

Alas! how wildly do my Senses rove!  
 Yet who can hope consistency in Love!—  
 Is this the Preacher? will my *Delia* cry,  
 Is this the Youth of wondrous Piety? [glow'd,  
 The Friend, who late with righteous Fervor  
 And bade me learn Submission to my God?  
 Taught me his Bounties were not giv'n in vain,  
 To be neglected by desponding Man?  
 And would he now my Peace of Mind destroy  
 'Midst the rude Transports of illicit Joy?  
 Mar the fair Prospects of my future Life,  
 And bid me stoop to be a Beggar's Wife?

O rare

O rare Humility ! best Gift of Heav'n !  
 Sure Means for all my Sins to be forgiv'n !

Cease, *Delin*, cease ; nor with too hasty Tongue  
 Condemn the Wretch who never wish'd you wrong.  
 O were the fierce conflicting Struggles known,  
 Twixt Grace and Love, your Welfare and my  
 [own ;

Could you but feel what Seas of Passion roll,  
 And pang with boist'rous Rage my tortur'd Soul ;  
 Your gentle Heart would pity not reprove  
 The hapless Youth whose only Crime was Love.

Farewell !—from every Hope of Comfort driv'n,  
 I here devote my future Hours to Heav'n !  
 Far from the Noise and busy Hum of Men,  
 My Soul hath form'd a melancholy Scene :  
 An unfrequented Cave, mossy and old :  
 There, save the Tinklings of some distant Fold ;  
 Or some small Brook, high over-grown with  
 [Reeds,  
 That Bubbling, winds its Waters 'mongst the  
 [Weeds ;  
 Silence shall reign.—No Trace of Man intrude  
 Upon the still sequester'd Solitude ;  
 Unless some hapless Wretch's Skeleton,  
 Who long Time since, like me, by Love undone,  
 Sought that sad Place out to despair and die.  
 There, mixt with his, my scatter'd Bones shall lie ;  
 There,

There, mixt with his, in dark Oblivion rot,  
Alike unwept, unhonour'd, and forgot !

Or should strange Chance some wand'ring  
[Shepherds lead  
To these lone Mansions of th' unburied Dead ;  
Shaking their pensive Heads, they'll drop a Tear  
Of generous Pity on our moss-grown Bier ;  
Then sighing, say, as the sad Tale they tell,  
Alas ! These " Lov'd, not wisely, but too well."

*Mr.*

*Mr. HARTLEY to Sir ANTHONY*  
ARTICHOKE.

*Hill-Street, July.*

*My dear Sir Anthony,*

**I** AM so overjoy'd! I am the happiest Man alive! All my Schemes have succeeded, and I have been down to *Oxford*, and have brought up Mr. *Pedant* with me, and we are as happy and as learned as the Day is long, and we are all going down to *Dorsetshire* in a Day or two. And now, my old Friend, since every thing has turned out so prosperously, I will let you into the Secret which I talked of in my former Letters, and inform you who  
has



has been my Confidant and Assiſt-  
 ant in managing this Buſineſs. I  
 ſay, ſince every thing has turned  
 out ſo proſperouſly: for elſe you  
 know as well as I can tell you, that,  
 “Leaſt ſaid is ſoonest mended,”  
 and, “Bad News always comes faſt  
 enough.” and the like. His  
 Name is *William Eaſy*, a young  
 Man about ſeven or eight and twenty.  
 His Father and I were old School-  
 fellows and Cronies at *Hackney* to-  
 gether. Poor old *Eaſy*, he uſed to  
 be ſadly troubled with the Gout  
 latterly like myſelf, and went to  
*Bath* once or twice in a Year, con-  
 ſtantly. And would you believe it,  
 the young Fellow, his Son, found  
 me out when I was there laſt, before  
 I viſited *Staples* you know; aye  
 and came to Breakfast with me too,  
 and

and was as glad to see me, the young Rogue was, as if I had been of his own Age. Let them say what they will of the Vices and Follies of the present Race of young Men, I am glad to find they are not all so corrupt. And he is clever too in the Bargain, and has read a good Deal, and has seen a good Deal of the World too, I dare say, which is no harm, when it does not interfere with a Man's Learning. Now what Person do you think could be so proper to assist in managing this Business of a Husband for *Kitty*, as he was. For his Manner of Introducing himself at first to me, shewed how disinterested he was, and that he came to see me purely because I was so well acquainted with his poor old Father,

and

and what a Regard he had for me upon that Account. So I communicated all my Intentions to him, and he approved of them highly, and accompanied me in my Journey to *Oxford*, and talked to me about the *Prometheus* of *Æschylus* and *Aristotle's* Treatise upon Rhetoric, by the Hour together as we went along. And I have engaged him to come down with me to *Dorsetshire*, to compleat the Affair. So Mr. *Pedant* and myself, (I wanted to have perswaded Mr. *Pedant* to have gone down in the same Carriage with my Daughter, by way of making a Beginning you know, but he chose rather to go with me.) So Mr. *Pedant* and myself will travel in my Chariot and four, and I must make an Apology to *Easy* about

about going in an hired Chaise with my Daughter, and they can keep on before, and prepare Things at the Inns for us. Do write to me soon, and tell me what your Opinion is of all this, and believe me to be,

Your most faithful Friend,

*Christopher Hartley.*

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F

Dear

WILLIAM EASY to CHARLES  
MELMOTH.

*Dorsetshire, August,*

*Dear Charles,*

**T**HAT I have for this Week  
past intended epistolizing  
*Melmoth Place*, is as certain as that  
I have omitted doing it, and you  
perhaps would now have been as  
well satisfied, with good-naturedly  
taking the Will for the Deed, and  
compounding for my not writing  
at all. However, since the Pen is  
put to Paper, you shall have no  
Reason to complain of my Brevity  
in Correspondence, be your Passion  
for Letter-reading ever so excessive.  
It is now about three Weeks since

I made



I made my Escape from *Oxford*, from whence, in Conjunction with old *Hartley*, I have effected the Peregrination of *Pedant* to this western World: A Piece of Success as far beyond my Expectation as my Wishes. Indeed, I had not the smallest Idea that any thing could have induced him to such a desperate Undertaking, and should have been full as well pleased, had he been inexorable to our Intreaties; for by the frequent Consultations he has held with the old Gentleman for these last three or four Days, and some other little Incidents, I suspect there is more in the Wind than I am aware of. However, as I don't feel myself disposed to stand greatly in Awe of their Intentions, whatever they may be, I

I shall drop him for the present, and commence the Journal, or History of our University Expedition.

About the Middle of *July* then, within two Days after my Return from *Foxball* to *Hill-Street*, I was put on board a Post-chaise with old *Hartley* about eight o'Clock in the Morning, and about Four in the Afternoon found myself, with my Companion, at the *Cross Inn, Oxford*. As it happened to be during the Time of the Public Act, the Town was tolerably crouded. So having deposited our Baggage in the best Room we could meet with, we procured proper Directions to Mr. *Pedant's* Chambers, and immediately sallied out in Pursuit of them. Many and curious were the Figures we encountered

countered in our Way, and of all  
 Sizes and Dimensions. Several of  
 them I remember'd as my Contem-  
 poraries, with whom, in those Days,  
 I had been very well acquainted.  
 But the Devil, or my evil Genius,  
 or some strange Circumstance that  
 I was not apprized of, had so trans-  
 formed and disfigured me since that  
 Time, that not a Man of them  
 could I prevail upon to remain  
 within Gun-shot of me. If I ran,  
 hollow'd, or called them by their  
 Names, it served but to increase  
 their Velocity in Retreating. They  
 scudded up their Stair-cases like  
 black Rabbits in a Warren; and I  
 believe it was near ten Minutes  
 before I could procure any Crea-  
 ture to assist me with farther In-  
 structions towards the Discovery of

*Pedant's Residence.* At last, I had the good Fortune to meet *Tom Frankley*, your Neighbour *Harborough's* Nephew, who is a Gentleman Commoner of the same College. He conducted us immediately to the Object of our Pursuit, and begg'd, if I was not already engaged, I would call in the Evening and sup with him, and bring old *Hartley* with me. I told him that I feared Supper would not be in my Power, but that I would certainly call upon him about Eight o'Clock, though I could not promise farther. So we parted, and Mr. *Hartley* and myself proceeded up the Stair-case towards the Door of *Pedant's* Apartment. Unluckily it happened, that not thinking of the still Caution necessary in an Attack



Attack of this Sort, we advanced carelessly, talking as our Van-guard approached the Outworks, and thereby effectually excluded ourselves from all possibility of entering. For just as we turned round the last Landing-place, the Vigilance of the Enemy was alarmed, the outer Door shut with a thunder Clap, and all within was silent. You may imagine that after this, all the Knocking and Noise we could make, would be of very little Service; so we were obliged to content ourselves for the present with the Supposition that he probably was busied, as old *Hartley* said, in some metaphysical Investigation; but that he would go there by himself in the Evening, and attempt him a second Time by



Surprize. This Plan of Proceeding I entirely applauded, as it released me from all the purgatorial Discipline of such a Service, and gave me the better Opportunity of Supping with *Frankley*, whose Conversation, tho' less abstruse, would probably be more entertaining. So having drank our Tea together quietly at the Coffee-house, I left my Companion planning the Mode of his Attack over a Newspaper, and went immediately to fulfil my Engagement. And most excellently entertained I was, both with the Behaviour and Conversation of my Company. So much so, that without any Apology, I shall send you a minute Detail of the whole Business, which, if you find yourself too stupid or lazy to read with due Attention,

Attention, I desire you will forthwith send back to me again, with all proper Thanks and Acknowledgements, Carriage paid.

Well, to *Frankley's* I went then, sat down, and having got thro' the first necessary Business of Speechifying and Enquiries, was just verging towards a Discourse upon University Matters in general; when, on a sudden, (preceded however by an infinite Variety of Tallios, Hoicks's, hark to Venoms, Vipers, Vixens, Vermins, which we perceived gradually increasing from the opposite Side of the Quadrangle,) the Door flew open, and in rushed a Party of Gentlemen, who, it seems, from their particular Attachment to that Species of Cur, as well as from the exact Similarity of their Noises,  
are

are called the Terriers. At the Head of this extraordinary Troop was a Mr. *Jack Solecism*, who first discover'd his Capability of Articulation by a "Damn that villainous Rascal *Euclid* to \* \* \* \* \*, I wish the Fellow \* \* \* \* \*, and whatever else is usual on such Occasions.

This curious Exclamation, which having lasted for some Minutes, terminated but with the Breath of the Utterer, was accompanied by a loud Amen in Chorus from the Rest of the Company. Presently several of them snatched Chairs, and threw themselves into them for the Benefit of Conversation. Well *Frankley*, says *Solecism* to my Friend, after all, this College is a damn'd Place.

Here

Here am I now, a Fellow allowedly clever, preposterously so ; now and then a little Drunk to be sure : why they puzzle and torture me at their Examinations worse than a rich Criminal in an Inquisition. Strike me sober, if I know whether their Examinations are most like an Inquisition or a Bullbait. And the Rascals are true bred Dogs too, every one of them ; they run all at the Head ; 'till a Man's Brain becomes as confused as a Bankrupt's Account Books. However, I keep my Head up, and then they can't pin me. " An old Lord of the Council rated me the other Day " in the Street, but I marked him " not, and yet he talked very wisely, " and in the Street too." But I regarded him not. I am unhurt in  
the



the midst of them, like *Daniel* in the Den of Lions. Aye, or in the fiery Furnace, cried another, at the same Instant catching his Chair from under him with a Velocity that tilted him Head-foremost into the Grate. O damn the Expence of a fiery Furnace, cried a Third, Expence is nothing, Trouble's all, bellowed a Fourth. Back him up, fan him, spilt, dish'd, all abroad, wound up, sha'n't be bad, not of the two, a few or so, all abroad, abroad, abro-----ad. Here Articulation ended, and was succeeded by their former Canine Conversation, with which they quitted, or, to use their own Expression, *dangled out of* the Room.

As soon as they were gone, *Frankley* began entering into some  
Sort



Sort of Differtation on the Characters of these Incomprehensibles; explained to me their Stile of Life, their Amusements, the Rules of their Club, with many other Articles infinitely curious and entertaining. *Jack Solecism*, says he, is a Fellow of very excellent Abilities, but very rarely sober enough to employ them properly; or to adopt his own Words, is “Allow-  
 “edly Clever, preposterously so,” but, “Now and then a little Drunk  
 “to be sure.” He is not at present a Member of the Terrier Society, but has a very fair Prospect of being speedily admitted, as he excels particularly in the Indian War Whoop, and is allowed by several Sea-Captains who are good Judges, to approach nearer the true Sound  
 than

than any European they had ever conversed with.

I hope, continued he, that you find yourself pleased with the Company of these good Folks, as the greater Part infallibly design doing themselves the Honour of Supping with me, and it is an absolute Impossibility to put them off, or prevent them. So you see what you are to expect. In reply to this, I could only say that it was the very Thing which I was most desirous of, provided that he could insure my Carcase from all practical Wit and manual Pleasantry, which I acknowledged myself too stupid to enter into the Spirit of, and consequently to have any particuler Taste for. This he undertook to answer for, provided I on the other Hand would do my  
Part,

Part, by retiring in Case of particular and extraordinary, Combustion, to which Article I with equal readiness assented. So Matters being stipulated between us, we stretched ourselves upon a Sopha, and with the Assistance of Sleep and Chit-Chat, murdered our Interval of Time very handsomely; and by and by, after having enjoyed I believe about an Hour's respite, our Friends the Terriers returned, with *Jack Solecism* the first Fiddle as usual. As he was still very tolerably drunk, and the Fumes of the Liquor remained in absolute Possession of his Capital, we had hardly eaten three Mouthfulls, (I forgot to tell you we were at Supper) when he was upon his Legs, declaiming with all the Energy of Diction, and  
before

before we had well finished our Meal, entered with an Oration so gloriously absurd and ridiculous, that I could not help committing it to Paper as soon as I quitted them, and now send it to you with absolute Injunctions to be diverted, as you value my Friendship, or regard the Trouble I shall be subjected to, both in transcribing that and relating the Consequences which attended it.

Gentlemen, said he, (and as he spoke he hiccup'd, and drank two Bumpers of Punch to assist his Articulation) I think Gentlemen, when I had last the Happiness of Addressing you in this House, when as I remember, you did me the Honour of increasing and enforcing my Comparisons by absolute Contact  
with



with the Fender, the Marks where-  
of my Forehead retains with a  
grateful Sense of their Utility unto  
this Hour: I think, I say, I was  
then giving it as my Opinion that  
this College was a damn'd Place,  
that is in other Words, for I mean  
not to swear absolutely, a Place to  
be condemned utterly; and now  
my present Purpose is to make good  
my Assertions by a little incontro-  
vertible Ratiocination.

Now the seniors or graduate  
Members of a College may, I think,  
be divided into three Species or  
Classes. The first and best, and  
who as being best should conse-  
quently be first mentioned, had they  
no other Pretensions to Priority;  
are those few fine old Fellows, who  
being naturally and originally the



Children of Dulness, have chose to enjoy their Birth-right unimpaired, uninterrupted, uncontaminated by Science, and in consequence have vegetated in the Spot Providence first planted them, without impertinent Interference or Prying into the Conduct and Behaviour of their Betters. Peace be to all such Men ! To their great Grizzle Wigs and Apathy I bow with Reverence. The Honorable Gentlemen may call them stupid. I adore them for their Stupidity ! 'Tis perhaps a pleasant, it is certainly an innocent Amusement, It offends nobody. Were they as stupid as many of them are corpulent, which I allow cannot easily be the Case ; as stupid as a Sot before Dinner, or an Alderman after it ; I pay them the  
greater

greater Reverence therefore. But perhaps the Honorable Gentlemen may object to their Corpulence? To their globose Rotundity of Paunch? I would ask the Honorable Gentlemen, whether they are the Contractors for Victualling it? Do they provide Covering for its Convexity? Is not the Owner at the sole Expence of continuing it in its usual State of Dilation? Is not he at the sole Expence of covering its Nakedness, which unless covered would doubtless be unseemly, with an extravagant Profusion of Broad-cloth? Is not that Broad-cloth black too? A Colour, (if indeed Black may be considered as a Colour, which however my Philosophy has not yet determined upon,) notoriously Expensive from the Rot-

tenness of its Die. At least was it not Black originally, tho' now perhaps its Tint may be more venerably assimilated to the verd antique Marble of *Italy*. But enough of these, Gentlemen; let us now turn our Attention to my second Species of Existences: To a Set of Men originally endued with Abilities, with Abilities destroyed and obnubilated by Residence and Application. Does any one start at my Assertion? The Honorable Gentlemen are not to be taught I hope, that Application is the Bane and Destruction of Abilities. The human Mind, Gentlemen, pardon the Comparison, is like a Leg of Mutton. The Meat is fine, but requires Roasting to make it eatable. We place it before the Fire then,  
and

and it is suffer'd, according to its Size, to continue there for a longer or shorter Period. We resume it: and upon cutting it, we find the natural Gravy remains there, but matured and meliorated by Concoction. So far it has been in a State of Improvement. It is then at its Point Tropical, its Solstice, its Zenith of Perfection. But would any Cook in Christendom replace it there in Expectation of farther Advantages? Would she not know that any farther Torrefaction must be prejudicial? That the natural Gravy would from that Time decrease and evaporate gradually? A Gravy, Gentlemen, not to be supplied by all the adscititious Sauces of the most ingenious Artificer. I presume no Gentleman



needs my Information that Learning is an elegant Accomplishment. So is Snuff-taking. That the one strengthens the Ideas and clears the Head of its Votary. So does the other. But in either Case how dangerous are Excesses ! In the one it degenerates into Pedantry ; In the other to Bestiality and Nastiness. I will conclude my Remarks on this Species, with their Character, as drawn by a late elegant Satyrist.

Fellows! who've soak'd away their Knowledge,  
 In sleepy Residence at College ;  
 Whose Lives are like a stagnant Pool,  
 Muddy and placid, dull and cool ;  
 Mere drinking, eating ; eating, drinking ;  
 With no Impertinence of Thinking ;  
 Who lack no farther Erudition,  
 Than just to set an Imposition  
 To cramp, demolish and dispirit,  
 Each true-begotten Child of Merit ;  
 Censors, who in the Day's broad Light,  
 Punish the Vice they act at Night ;

Whose



Whose Charity with self begins,  
Nor covers others venial Sins ;  
But that their Feet may safely tread,  
Take up Hypocrisy instead,  
As knowing that must always hide,  
A Multitude of Sins beside ;  
Whose rusty Wit is at a stand,  
Without a Freshman at their Hand.

I am come now, Gentlemen, to  
my Third Division. And here  
willingly would I be silent, but  
Justice calls upon me to speak,  
though my Feelings are wounded  
by the Description. What shall I  
say then? Shall I call them with  
Dr. *Hurd* in one of his Dialogues,  
a Set of “ Bearded Boys?” “ And  
“ would you invite our liberal and  
“ noble Youth to resort hither?  
“ Can you expect that their free  
“ Spirits will stoop to be lectured  
“ by these? Or that their Minds

“ can ever be formed and tutored  
 “ by such Pedants, in a Way that  
 “ fits them for the real Practice of  
 “ the World and of Mankind ?”

But let us chuse an Instance for Illustration. Let one suffer for the Rest, and be selected as a Subject for Dissection. And can we want a Subject, whilst *Euclid* is before us ? A Fellow whose only Pleasure and Delight lies in plaguing every body of equal Genius but less Erudition than himself. A Fellow, whose very Instructions are Insults, who forces Science upon you, *Nolens volens*, as an Apothecary does Physic ; thrusts Rhomboids, Parallelograms and Parallelopipedons down your Throat, like *Pistol's* Leek ; crams you with Pentagons, Hexagons and Quindekagons, till your Head is

as

as full of odd Shapes and Figures as a Chinese Manuscript, or an Egyptian Necromancer's Talisman, or the Hieroglyphics of a greasy Buttery Account Book. A Fellow who claps a triangular Mathematical Yoke or Collar round your Neck, as they do round a Hog's, to prevent your getting thro' the Parallels of a five-barr'd Gate, and feasting in the Turnip Field of Classcal Knowledge on the other Side of it.

Evil Communication, says the old Copy-book, corrupts good Manners ; and for my Part, I declare honestly that I can hardly consider that Knowledge as respectable, which I behold prostituted and contaminated by a Communication with the most despicable of Characters.

rasters. I can't help connecting my Ideas of one with the other; and then, damn 'em, I hate both. And yet, get them by themselves, the Mathematics are good intelligent Things enough. And very useful too, for a Land Surveyor or Builder of Bridges. I'm sure I look up to them with Fear and Reverence, as a Thief does to a Gibbet, and only pray secretly that it may never be my Case.

And then he is such an inveterate unchristian Rascal in his Resentments, "Letting the Sun go down  
"upon his Wrath." An absolute *Polypheme*; "*Nec visu Facilis, nec  
"Dictu Affabilis ulli.*" In short, ten Times worse than *Pedant*, or any of his Compeers, in as much at least as a Person who behaves Ill  
to

to every body is worse than him who has no Behaviour at all. And yet they are all bad enough occasionally, even men who are liberal and well spoken of at any other Place; as if they thought Illiberality a College Accomplishment, and were afraid of appearing affected and singular if they did not give into it. Or perhaps it may be Philosophically accounted for, by the Difference of the Medium in these Parts, and that the very Atmosphere is mephitically impregnated with a Sort of illiberal Vapour, from the constant Respiration of such a Number of uncivilized Inhabitants.

By the Time our *Cicero* had got thus far in his Oration, (which I have here endeavoured to give you connectively,



connectively, omitting the frequent Remarks and Interruptions of his Companions,) the Quantity of Liquor which he had drank, or according to his own Philosophical Method of accounting for Things, the Vinous Atmosphere he had been so long Breathing; called off the Organs of Speech from Elocution, to employ them in an Operation, perhaps more natural, and certainly better adapted to his present Condition. His Eyes fixed, his Jaw fell; down he dropt, and, (to use the Words of an Irish Acquaintance of mine, when he was describing the Issue of one of his Duels,) "Never brought Life to the Ground with him." At least not intellectual Life. Well, in this State he lay for about five Minutes; formidably

formidably Nasty indeed ! Cascading like a Leaden River-God's Urn, or the grotesque Human Water-spouts of a gothic Cathedral. Presently he began to kick a little, and in a short Time after, by the Application of Salt, hot Water, and other Methods, according to the Practice of the *Humane Society*, which his Companions were very liberally observant of ; he started up at once on his Legs, filled an half-pint Bumper of Punch, and indistinctly muttering an old Adage of his own, that " the more came out, " the more Room to go in ; " drained it in an Instant. This Act of Heroism, with the sagacious Comment that accompanied it, excited a Burst of Universal Applause.

" Well

“Well *Jack*,” cried *Tom Riotous*, who stood next him, “Now you have settled your Internals, I suppose we shall have the Rest of your Oration? Come, come, why damn ye, you look as Meagre and as Melancholy as *Duns Scotus* of *Merton* in the last Page of the Bible! Come, your Oration!”

“Oration, Sir,” exclaimed *Solecism*, (who since his last half Pint of Lethe, had been black in the Face with a Kind of hiccuping Convulsion, and remained without the least Récollection of any previous Circumstances,) “Oration, Sir, what d’ye mean to Insult me, Sir? Oration, Sir, is of two Kinds, . . . . . *Demosthenes* and his Plumb-stones. . . . . Two Methods of using the Hand, ΔΕΙΚΤΙΚΩΣ, in

in Oration, Sir. First, there is the Hand open, employed in the milder Kind of Argument: Then, Sir, (damme, I will not put up with an Insult,) there's the Hand closed, commonly called the clinch'd Fist, ΔΕΙΚΤΙΚΩΣ d'ye observe me, for more weighty Arguments, Sir; to evince, convince. The knock-ye-down Argument, Sir, which will humble the most high-headed Adversary; convert his perpendicular Arrogance into an horizontal Supineness, as I am now going to demonstrate upon your poor miserable Carcase." And as he spoke the last Word, he made a Blow at *Riotous*, which had it taken Place properly, would most effectually have verified his Assertion, by leveling the Object of it; but through  
want

want of Precision in the Director, vented itself on an unhappy Plaister Figure of *Tully* that stood upon the Mantel-piece, which it broke into a thousand Pieces.

“ Sir !” cried *Riotous*, (enforcing his Exclamation with a most dignified Profusion of Blasphemy, which, as the Wit will evaporate in Repetition, I shall leave you to guess at,) “ Do you strike me, Sir! Such Behaviour requires Satisfaction. I insist upon immediate Satisfaction.” Pistols were produced instantly ; for it seems they are as necessary a Part of Furniture in an *Oxford* Apartment, as a Cork-screw or an Horsewhip ; Seconds were chosen, Ground measured, and every thing prepared for Action. In the same Moment, *sans Ceremonie*,



or Compliment, *Solecism* swore and fired, but without any Effect. Upon this *Riotous* advanced; and applying the Muzzle of his Pistol to the Mouth of his unfortunate Antagonist, who began now to recover his Senses: "*Solecism*," says he, "you have broken the Rules of Honour: And now, by God, Sir, I'm sorry to tell you that you must die the Death for it. So prepare yourself to drop like a Gentleman, and here's at you. Gentlemen, fill Bumpers to *Solecism's* Voyage in the Ferry-boat, and raise a Subscription to pay for his Passage, for I dare say he has not a Sixpence of his own to defray the Expences. Have you *Jack*?" Our poor Orator ran behind the Window Curtain and roared for Mercy. As one depre-

cated the other persisted ; till at last, finding his Enemy inexorable, he plucked up his scatter'd Resolution, and being determin'd I suppose to die like a good Christian, popp'd forth a Face the most ruefully ridiculous I ever beheld, and begg'd but for a minute's Respite. Then drawing it in again, " O Lord," cried he, " Thou seest the Situation I am in, pity a *poor* miserable Sinner (aye, cried *Riotous*, there you see he acknowledges his Poverty, I told you he had not a Sixpence. Come, subscribe Gentlemen.) who is going to be blown out of Life in a Smoke by . . . . . He was then silent for about a Minute; but presently raising his Voice again, Lord *Jesus*, added he, receive my Spirit! -- and now, Sir, (throwing

ing

aside the Curtain, and stepping forward with a calm assured Countenance,) now, Damn ye, Fire away!" 'Twas done as soon as spoke; a Cloud of Smoke darken'd the Apartment, and upon its dispersing, no *Solecism* was to be found. One would have imagined him carried off by some Inchanter, like an *Arabian Night* Princess, or absolutely pulverized to an impalpable Powder by the Horrors of his Situation. Well, for above half an Hour I believe, did we hunt after him in every Stair-case in the Quadrangle, Dogs and all; till at last, guided by a Degree of Scent which I verily believe led us to the Discovery, we found him squeezed behind the Door of a Cellar, with his Eyes and Tongue rolling like

the Clock-work Drummer at the Wax-work, and his Hands raised upwards, like the Effigies of some brazen Saint in the Aisle or Vestibule of a Cathedral. And here, unobserved by the Rest of the Company, I took my Leave of *Frankley*, and departed to my Inn. And so ended the Operations of the first Day.

And now *Charles* I may tell you, lest you should suspect me of Inchantment in good earnest, that the Seconds had put no Lead into the Pistols; which allowed *Solecism* the Capability of quitting the Room at the Instant *Riotous* fired. How he effected it, you must enquire of his Fears, as it was with a more instantaneous Velocity than I have any Conception of.

The



The next Morning old *Hartley* informed me that he had been successful in his second Attack upon *Pedant*, and that we were both engaged to Breakfast there. On our Arrival we found him seated in due Form and Order, surrounded by Food mental and corporeal, with a Companion on the other Side the Table, whose Countenance had I met with it in a dark Lane or Alley, would by no means have corresponded with my Ideas of personal Safety. Upon our Entrance they rose and bowed distantly, and immediately reseating themselves, we followed their Example, and took our Chairs in awful Silence. As *Pedant* had not thought it necessary to effect a nominal Acquaintance of Parties by introducing us to this



Friend of his, we could only endeavour to supply the Deficiency, by surveying each other with that Kind of cautious Curiosity, which you may have seen in two Dogs upon their first Meeting, when they look half afraid and in Doubt whether they shall quarrel or not. *Hartley* indeed soon struck up a Conversation with *Pedant*, which I joined in occasionally; but my Attention was chiefly occupied in forming a conjectural Judgment of his Comrade, whose Lips were never opened, unless once in five Minutes to give an abrupt Negative to what somebody else had been saying. "No such Thing---It was not so,"---or "I don't believe a Word of it;" and then he would take up a Book and begin Reading again.

again. Faith, *Charles*, I believe *Pedant* never appeared to such Advantage before. I began to suspect that he was determined to make the best of himself, and so brought the other Animal by way of Foil. For though neither of them could be accused of being overburthen'd with *Entregent* or Politeness, yet the Reserve and Aukwardness which proceeded from *Mauvaise Honte* in *Pedant*, seemed in the other to arise from a churlish Self-conceit, and a predetermined Contempt for the Understanding of his Company. Good God, thought I, this must be poor *Solecism's* Friend *Euclid*; there cannot surely exist two such Wretches! And *Euclid* indeed it was, as I found presently after by *Pedant's* naming him in the Course

of Conversation. I dare say now, *Charles*, from the little I saw of the Man, that he is capable of going into the first Company, committing every Incivility, perpetrating every shocking Clumsiness he can think of, and in short, just doing every thing that he ought not to do; without imagining it necessary to be ashamed of himself. I fancy he is one of those *Ipse Dixit* infallible Gentlemen, who either think they cannot do wrong, or imagine themselves qualified to do it. But I'll not attempt his Character, as I can send it to you drawn in a much more masterly Manner, by somebody who knows him better than I ever desire to do. It was given me by *Frankley*, whom I happened to meet in the Evening  
at

at the Coffee-house, and upon mentioning the Company I had breakfasted with, he took it out of his Pocket, and told me that it was found about three or four Mornings since, pasted upon the Door of *Euclid's* Chambers, by way of Epitaph, but that the Author was utterly unknown.

## E P I T A P H.

Here continueth to slumber,  
 Whilst his Mind absorpt in Science  
 Dreams wildly of imaginary Propositions,  
 The Body of DIAGRAM EUCLID :  
 A Man, who in Defiance of the Weaknesses,  
 Unavoidably incident to his Nature ;  
 Preserved a Consistency of Conduct,  
 And supported an Uniformity of Character,  
 Which Malice never could Asperse,  
 And Slander was unable to Vilify.

As

12



In wounding the Feelings of the Ingenuous,  
Or covering the Face of the Diffident with the  
Blush of Confusion.

To avoid being imposed upon by Appearances,  
His *Memory* never forgot an Affront,  
And his *Heart* was never weak enough to forgive  
one :

For he considered Forgiveness as a Credulity,  
Which might expose him to the Repetition of  
Insult.

When he was appointed Lecturer of his College,  
In his favourite Science of Mathematics;  
He confused the Understanding of his Auditors,  
By Expressions they were incapable of compre-  
hending ;  
And by a vain Ostentation of his own Erudition  
Obscured what it was his Business to have illus-  
trated to others.

In his Opinions and Assertions he was dogmatical,  
Proud, pedantic, and perplexing ;  
Nor did he ever scruple to reprobate,  
With all the Arrogance of conscious Superiority,  
The united Authorities of his Predecessors in  
Science ;

When they chanced to differ in their Sentiments  
From his own infallible Standard of Perfection.

Think

Think not, youthful Reader !  
 From the Depravity of this Man's Character,  
 That the Pursuit of Learning is to be neglected :  
 He was but suffered as an Instance,  
 That without *good Manners* it may be *Despised*,  
 Without *good Nature* it must ever be *Detested*.

---

Well *Charles*, what think you of it ? Is it not a pretty good Pasquinade ? God help the poor Author if he should be discovered ! for I don't believe the Golgotha would have much mercy on him.

To return to my Breakfast again, (which I hope you have not forgot was suspended from a Principle of pure digressive Politeness ;) I must inform you that *Euclid* having left us as soon as it was finished, old

*Hartley*

*Hartley* and *Pedant* sat down to an inveterate Tête á Tête together; and having in the Course of about two Hours, restored *Helen* to her Husband, routed the *Persian* Army at the Plains of *Marathon*, with divers other Atchievements equally difficult and celebrated; it was proposed formally on *Hartley's* Part, and, after due Hesitation, as formally consented to on *Pedant's*, that he should accompany us to *Dorsetshire*.

And so here we are all at present, living as comfortably as we can together. Old *Hartley* and *Pedant*, and *Pedant* and old *Hartley*, to the End of the Chapter. And then *Kitty* and *I*, and *I* and *Kitty*, inseperables. Sometimes strolling in the Garden, and admiring the  
horizontal

horizontal Verdure of her Father's  
 clipt Hedges; with fifty pretty  
 little Similars full as indolently en-  
 tertaining. Farewell *Melmoth*. The  
 Voice of my Charmer, who at this  
 Instant enters the Room, cuts short  
 my Tale, and obliges me to con-  
 clude incontinently,

*W. Eafy.*

——“ From her Virgin Cheek a fresher Bloom  
 “ Shoots, less and less, the live Carnation round;  
 “ Her Lips blush deeper Sweets; she breaths of  
 “ Youth;  
 “ The shining Moisture swells into her Eyes  
 “ In brighter flow; her wishing Bosom heaves  
 “ With Palpitations wild; kind Tumults seize  
 “ Her Veins, and all her yielding Soul is Love.”

*Miss*

*Miss RUGG to Miss HARTLEY.*

*Foxball, August,*

*My Dear Kitty.*

**I** Received yours. Upon my Honour you have treated my last Letter very unmercifully; and positively accused me of Slyness and Secresy, without considering the Confidence I placed in you by sending it at all. Suppose I had thought proper to burn it, and had given you a fair Copy, revised and corrected? And then, after having been as spiteful and malicious as you possibly could be, and torn the poor thing Peice-meal, Sentence by Sentence, you affect to be



be wondrously merciful, and 'tis your Charity forsooth that obliges you to believe that I did it all on Purpose. Since you are so very ready at Belief and Supposition, I shall not tell you whether I did or not, perhaps I might. But you know I can't retort or rally you, which makes you so saucy. However *I must in Charity believe that you did it all by Accident, or I shall never have any Mercy on you*; and as you have made some amends by sending me *Easy's Poetical Secrets*, I will even go farther, and give you a little authentic Information as to my Prospects with *Melmoth*. And this I can do in a very few Sentences, merely by way of Continuation to *Easy's Intelligence*. Since his Departure from *Foxball* then,

then, my Uncle has been applied to by Letter, in consequence of which he arrived here about three Days ago. He has given his Consent and Approbation to our Marriage; *Melmoth* has determined to quit the Army, and every thing will probably be concluded in the Course of this Month. We expect my two Aunts from *York* on *Wednesday*. Is this Account plain and undisguised enough? Or is there any sly Stile of Secresy to be complained of? As to expatiating upon my own Happiness and my Inamorato's Extacy, I shall leave your Sensations when you think of similar Prospects with *Easy*, to supply the Omission. You know I love him; I own honestly that I do; and I hope at least, that he loves

me equally. What can I say then, but what your own Feelings will more forcibly speak for me? Adieu, *Kitty*; write soon to me; and believe my Sincerity, when I wish to see you as Happy as she hopes to be, who now probably for the last Time, subscribes herself

*Maria Rugg.*

*Mr.*

Mr. HARTLEY to Sir ANTHONY  
ARTICHOKE.

**O** Sir *Anthony!* Sir *Anthony!*  
My best Set of Plans and  
Schemes, the best I ever contrived  
in my Life, are all blown up, and  
gone, and come to nothing, as one  
may say. Here when I had got him  
into *Dorsetshire*, and talked him  
over, and persuaded him, and had just  
brought Matters to bear, and had  
got him into the right Humour for  
it, and he had given his Consent  
to marry my Daughter, and all  
was in a Manner settled except  
acquainting her with my Success:  
then what does she go and do, but  
runs away within two Hours after  
I told her of her Happiness; and

takes *Easy* with her too, and I suppose they are gone to be married together. O! Never, never, was such an unlucky old Man in this World as I am! And after you warned me so much against it too in your last Letter, and told me you thought my Daughter had a Mind for a Husband that I did not intend for her. And truly I began latterly to suspect as much myself; but then who would have thought of her going off and running away in this sudden Manner as one may call it? or else I had prepared to counteract that Husband for her. O I am the most unfortunate old Man in the World surely!

---

“ Dique Beatus  
 “ Ante obitum Nemo supremaque Funera debet.”

Here



Here I went to her after Breakfast this Morning, and told her that next *Monday* was to be the happy Day, and how happy I should be, and the like ; and she put me into a Passion, and when I came to enquire for her at Dinner Time, nobody could tell what was become of her, and *Easy* was missing likewise. So I was for going to the Inn, and making Enquiries, and following them immediately in the Heat of my Passion, but Mr. *Pedant* was luckily at Hand to prevent me, and persuaded me that by staying till the next Morning, we could send and investigate Matters at the Inn more minutely, and should have more Time to consider what Steps should be taken, and to pack up our Things, and to prepare

every thing for pursuing them. So here I am, quite out of my Wits about it, as I may say; and my old Butler that has lived with me these four and twenty Years come *Michaelmas*, is quite out of his Wits too, and can hardly believe it, and is gone to the *Fox and Goose*, and the *Crooked-Billet* with *John Dock-tail* the Coachman, to see if he can hear any Tidings of her; and I told him to go to every Place in the Neighbourhood, and to get a Man to cry her. An obstinate perverse Huffy! I'm sure she has no more Taste for the dead Languages than my Housemaid, or she would never have ran away from such a Husband as Mr. *Pedant*. If she had but known how well the Ancients understood them, and  
could

could discourse in them! And so often as I have talked to her about them, but she never would listen to me. And there I hear poor Mr. *Pedant* now, shut up in his Room, reading Greek like one distracted. Poor Man! I believe he never would express himself in his native Language if he could help it. But I am in the utmost Hurry and Confusion, and must go and give Orders about fifty Things immediately, which obliges me to conclude as that wise People the *Spartans* used to do upon urgent Occasions, In great Haste,

Yours Laconically,

*Christopher Hartley.*

*Miss HARTLEY to Miss RUGG.*

*My dear Rugg,*

**H**OW shall I write to you, and what Kind of round-about Expression shall I adopt to acquaint you with my Situation! The more I consider the more I feel myself at a Loss! In three Words then, be it known---that my Father has been opinionated and imperious; I have been perhaps a little inconsiderate; and am at present, almost before I know how to believe it, on the Road to *Scotland* with *Easy*.



And now, if you have had Time enough for your Wonderment and Conjecture,

Conjecture, I'll let you into Particulars. You know my poor Papa; amongst his other Qualifications, had always that wise one of making every thing a great Secret, and keeping People as much in the Dark as possible whenever he had a Scheme in his Head, by way of surprizing them all at once with its Excellence, when the Wind did get to it. So last *Thursday* after Breakfast he came up to my Room; (a Thing not very common with him, and which indeed he seldom used but upon grand Occasions,) and seating himself in a great Chair, and settling his Wig with both Hands by way of Preparation; "*Kitty*," says he, with a Face that told me some wondrous Matter was in Agitation, "you remember  
 " when



“ when I was in *London*, that I in-  
 “ troduced my Friend Mr. *Pedant*  
 “ to you as a Man every Way qua-  
 “ lified to make you a good Hus-  
 “ band, and to restrain that Levity  
 “ and Giddiness which the younger  
 “ Part of your Sex are too much  
 “ guilty of; though I must own I  
 “ rather despaired of ever bringing  
 “ him to consent to the Match. He  
 “ has now you know, been here  
 “ above a Month with me in the  
 “ Country; in which Time by  
 “ Persuasions and Promises, I have  
 “ at last with Difficulty prevailed  
 “ upon him to accept of my Pro-  
 “ posals: and therefore, lest upon  
 “ Reconsideration he should be in-  
 “ duced to alter his Mind towards  
 “ you in this Matter, I have thought  
 “ it better to Strike whilst the  
 “ Iron

“Iron is hot, and on *Monday* next  
 “have resolved that you shall be  
 “made happy. In Regard to”——

My Dear *Rugg* I was Thunder-  
 struck! for tho’ I knew this was  
 my Father’s Intention in bringing  
*Pedant* to *Dorsetshire* with him,  
 yet I had no Idea that the ungain  
 Animal would ever have consented  
 to so dreadful a Ceremony with me,  
 after the many silly Looks I had  
 helped him to put on, since he had  
 been there. However, I presently  
 collected myself enough to cut my  
 Father short in the Middle of his  
 Sentence, which I suppose was to  
 have concluded with a Panegyric  
 on his Bookworm, by a “God  
 “forbid, my Dear Sir, that ever the  
 “Living and the Dead should be  
 “joined together! Let the Dead  
 “bury

“ bury their Dead, my Dear Father,  
 “ and his Books him, say I; for  
 “ I’m sure he is as disagreeable and  
 “ dead to the World as the Lan-  
 “ guages he cultivates.”

My Father looked at me, wond-  
 rous petulant I could perceive. O  
 those confounded Languages! that  
 ever my ill Stars led me to men-  
 tion the Word! for immediately,  
 and the Frenzy took him like  
 Lightning, “ Peace, Peace, Girl,”  
 said he, “ the Greek Language  
 “ though it,” ---- And here he was  
 tumbling all at once into his Eulo-  
 gium upon its various Excellencies,  
 when I, who had experienced the  
 miserable *Ennui* of that self same  
 Dissertation at least fifty Times in  
 my Life, and knew from the Be-  
 ginning that it might last from two  
 Hours

Hours to three or four; could not help interrupting him, by saying how much I was indebted for the Trouble he was going to give himself, but as I had it perfectly fresh in my Memory since the Rehearsal of *Tuesday* Se'nnight, I should be happy to postpone the Hearing till some future Opportunity, when my Recollection might begin to fail me. This put him into a desperate Passion, which I really did not Design. He snatch'd up his Stick to express the Vehemence of his Displeasure; but Impatience begetting Inattention, instead of the Floor which he intended should be the Sufferer, he applied it to his own Gouty Shins with such a hearty Good-will, that I thought he would never have forgiven himself. He was now  
past

past all Patience: so that grinning between his high Anger for my contemptuous Treatment of the *Grecians*, and the actual Pain he suffered from the Vigour of his own Bastinado; "By God," cried he, "Kitty, I'll not be trifled with. "Monday is the Day on which your Happiness is determined, and "Happy you shall be, (rubbing "his Leg all the Time,) in spite "of yourself. I know more of "Easy, Madam, than you are "aware of." And with these Words he hobbled out of the Room.

What could I do, my Dear? I knew him to be exceeding obstinate, particularly when Literature was in the Question; besides I was rather piqued at the Positiveness and Undutifulness



Undutifulness of his Behaviour; for I hold Undutifulness in a Parent to be the worst of all possible Offences. And then too his last obscure Sentence in regard to *Easy*, greatly perplexed me. Just as I was in the Midst of all these Puzzles, *Easy* came into the Room; and discovering immediately by my Countenance that all was not Right, enquired what was the Matter. I, as People in a Passion, like Invalids, are always bursting to tell their Complaints, related all that had happened; and to cut my Story short, what with Persuasion and Argument on one Side, and Fear and Displeasure and an odd Taste for Novelty and Eclat on the other, recollecting too that very just Saying of the Poet, that “ The  
 “ Woman

“ Woman who deliberates is lost,” which *Easy* very forcibly urged upon me: he made the best of his Opportunity, and within two Hours I found myself in a Post-chaise, half willing, half unwilling, nothing with me but my Riding-Habit and some Linen, and indeed not quite certain whether I was there myself.

So you see my Dear, how great Consequences, like great Folks, generally owe their Greatness to small Causes and little Incidents. for had not that unfortunate Dissertation upon the Grecians come across us, and had not my Father, when he caught up his Stick in consequence of my thwarting him there, made that unpropitious Application to his own Shins, instead  
of

of the Ground which he intended, we might probably have talked the Matter over coolly; the Day of Marriage might have been postponed; *Pedant*, after several Protractions, might in the End have been exploded or tired out; and every Thing terminated as I could have wished for. Whereas now, my Father I dare say is raving like fifty Bedlamites, and perhaps spouting Greek too at such a Rate that all the Country will take him for a Necromancer; whilst I, like a poor inconsiderate giddy-brain'd Girl, am flourishing away, and killing Post-horses with a Knight Errant on a Journey to the Land of Matrimony, without so much as a new Gown or a Wedding-ring prepared for the Occasion.

VOL. II.

K

Well,

Well, my Dear *Maria*! of all the silly Things you feel yourself disposed to, never make a Runaway Match of it. Though I don't think you are in any great Danger, with all your Reserve and Prudence about matrimonial Matters. And yet how should I laugh to see you for once as great a Madcap as myself! To meet you upon the Road now, *going off*, as they say, with your Officer. Some how or other, I am monstrously frightened! I did not think I should have been half such a Coward when I sat out, or I'm sure he would never have persuaded me! However, I long anxiously for your Opinion about it. Do you think I have acted Rightly? If yes, let me know instantly. But if no, you may as well keep your  
Pen

Pen and Censure to yourself; for since what is done is done, I am determined to be in the Right, so I tell you beforehand. And yet you can't write to me, for I have no Place of Address, and now only steal this Hour from Sleep to scribble to you, as we are off again very early in the Morning. However, we purpose seeing you at *Foxhall* on our Return, when we shall not be in such a desperate Hurry as we are at present. Adieu, and believe me, whether single or married,

Yours ever,

*Catharine Hartley.*

P. S. I received your last. How different the Stile of our two Weddings will be! As different as our Dispositions.

K 2

WILLIAM



WILLIAM EASY to CHARLES  
MELMOTH.

*Edinburgh.*

*My Dear Charles,*

**T**O say that I am the happiest Creature existing, will be only repeating what every vulgar Fool or Merchant's Clerk has said upon the same Occasion; and yet how else can I express myself? Miss *Hartley*, Miss *Hartley* now no more! is mine by all the Ties of Love and Honour! Don't think me mad and raving now, and throw down my Letter in a Passion. We were married Yesterday. The Place my Letter is dated from will give you

you some Information as to the grand Outline of our Proceedings; the Particulars I am now going to furnish you with.

I believe I mentioned in my last that I was not entirely satisfied with some Parts of *Pedant's* Behaviour, nor with the frequent Closetings and Conferences between him and old *Hartley*. I cannot say that I paid any Attention to those Appearances at the Time, but since they have turned out so consequential, I must mention one particular Circumstance as it occurs to me, before I proceed any farther. About a Fortnight ago I remember, when old *Hartley* had retired as usual to take his Afternoon Nap, and *Pedant* and myself were left in the Parlour together, I stepped out of the Room

for about ten Minutes, to relieve myself from the Fatigue of his Taciturnity by a little Conversation with my *Kitty* above Stairs. Upon my Return, finding the Wretch exactly where I left him, absorpt in Cogitation; I was in some doubt at first whether I ought not to attempt a Recovery from the Torpor he seemed to labour under, by a salutary Tweak of the Nose; when presently I observed the Fore-finger of his Right-hand placed cautiously and as if it was an Act of Deliberation, across the Palm of his Left, and after a few unintelligible Mutterings, he began Syllogizing as follows.

The Man who marries *Miss Hartley*, gets her Fortune,

I marry *Miss Hartley*,

Ergo. I get her Fortune.

I could

I could hold out no longer, but instantly gave him the *Negatur*, with a Voice that made him start as if he had seen the Ghosts of his Forefathers, for he had not perceived that I was in the Room. He jump'd up, and "Roll'd his "Eyes, that witnessed Huge Dis- "may," and turned out of the Room with a more meaning Confusion in his Countenance than I ever before observed there. Now this little Circumstance I say, (knowing the Man's Stile and Character,) as well as several others, had made me for some Time suspect that the old Gentleman and *Pedant* had some silly Piece of Contrivance in their Head. However, as nothing very Material appeared, I doubted not but that with the

Help of my Dear Divinity, I should be able gradually to Counteract them, before they brought any Thing to a Conclusion. The Event however proved the Contrary ; and as the Suddenness of their Explosion, left me no Opportunity for Sap or Countermine in my Operations, I was oblige to commit every Thing to the Hazard of a *Coup de Main*, in which I happily succeeded. Going a few Mornings since, I believe it was *Thursday*, into *Kitty's* Dressing-room, " O *Easy*," says she, and I thought she seemed nettled at something, " I'm glad you are come to give me Joy ! *Monday* next is the Day fixed on for my being made happy, that is you know, in my Father's Dialect, being married to *Pedant*." " *Monday* next !" was



was my Reply. “ And more than that,” continued she, “ He is so Paternal as to tell me that I *shall* be made happy then, whether I like it or not. If he thinks he can effect this, I fancy he will be about as cunning as *Sancho* in his Government, when he sentenced a Criminal to *sleep* so many Nights in Prison. But what is to be done, *Easy* ? What Measures can we take to prevent all this ? For you know if one did feel an odd Fancy to accept of the Wretch, one would chuse to take one’s own Time about it.” Was not this a fair Opening *Charles* ? Little Cupid, who I suppose sat upon my Shoulder, immediately whisper’d, “ *Scotland* and a Post-chaise and Four,” and offered himself as first Postillion. Faith  
I thought

I thought the young Fellow advised very sensibly; so as he had mentioned it in Confidence to me, I could not do otherwise than communicate it between a Kiss and a Whisper to the Ear of my *Kitty*. She look'd a little Queerly at the Proposal, and hesitated, and said nothing. When a Woman does not absolutely start at the first Intimation of a Thing of this Nature, you may make yourself sure of her Consenting within half an Hour, if it is not your own Fault. So having once broke the Ice, I thought it better, like old *Hartley*, to "Strike whilst the Iron is hot," and urged my Proposal upon her with all the Rhetoric I was master of. I exaggerated the inevitable Danger she exposed herself to, by  
 delaying

delaying any longer; expatiated upon the unhappy Obstinacy of her Father's Temper; that as he had hitherto kept his Designs so secret as to the Time intended for her Marriage, it was too probable, that excited by his detestable Coadjutor, he would adopt Measures for the effecting it, which must utterly Ruin all our Prospects. That it was not to be doubted but that her Father, though he might at first be highly displeased with the Step I proposed, would soon, upon Consideration, see Things in a proper Light, and even be inclined to thank us for Counteracting him. That all his Friends, the very well knew, had invariably condemned his strange Idea of sacrificing his Daughter to a Bookworm. That their

their Opinions would certainly have great Weight with him, when the Delusion he at present laboured under was removed. That, as she knew how well he loved her, his Displeasure would fall in some Part upon *Pedant*; mutual Recriminations would ensue, and the Animal would show himself in his proper Colours. That, at all Events, her Father's strange Treatment of her in this Business, would entirely justify her Measures; and that I could not say, however highly I revered the Duty of Children towards their Parents, that I thought it should be observed implicitly, when so great a Stake as one's own Happiness or Misery was depending." Whilst I was haranguing thus finely, I could perceive by five hundred

hundred little Changes in her Countenance, what an internal Contest she was engaged in. For Instance, there was Love I suppose, and the Novelty of the Thing, and a little Pique against her Father; all Volunteers on my Side the Question. Then there was Prudence, and Propriety, and Punctilio, and a whole Muster-roll of Presbyterian Virtues, like a City Militia, on the other. And like a City Militia there they stood by each other, all in Form no doubt, and made a great Show of Resistance; but as soon as the other Party charged home upon them, away they ran as if the Devil was at their Heels, and not two were to be found together 'till all the Danger was over. For guessing how  
Matters



Matters stood with her, I brought up to the Attack a Reinforcement of Arguments; and at last, as the Reward for all my Trouble, drew from her Lips a dear Kind of half denying Affirmative, which I took immediate Advantage of, by running out of the Room whilst she remained in the right Humour, and in short conducted every thing with so much Vigour, that I believe within two Hours from the Time of our Consultation, we found ourselves Check by Jole in a Post-chaise together.

And here we are now in *Scotland*, as happy as any two new married People can be. My dear Girl, with all "the Bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love" glowing in her Cheeks, is more winning  
Soft

Soft, more amiably Mild than all the Heathen Beauties I ever heard or read of, if they were put together, with their Goddeses at the Head of them. O *Charles*! How she looked Yesterday as we returned from the Altar! With such a dear *Demifaison April* Smile upon her Countenance, moistened with a Tear! And every now and then she is so prettily Pensive, which I love her ten Times more for, from the Novelty of the Thing. O *Melmoth*, how rejoiced I am on all Accounts at what has happened. For if her Father had been less Precipitate and Peremptory, and I had not taken her at the Instant when every Thing was favourable, the little Gipsy might have played me on and off for this Twelvemonth,  
and

and teased my very Soul out. By the Bye, I wonder why that odd Urchin *Cupid* pitches upon *Scotland* as the Place of Rendezvous for all his mad Votaries, unless he does it to case-harden their Hearts against all other Impressions by the Rigour of the Climate, like hot Iron in cold Water. Or, perhaps he means to try whether their Passion will bear Change of Country; and considers no Love as a true one, which is not sufficient to keep a Man warm so many Degrees Northward, and enable him to write Odes like a *Laplander* to his *Orra Moor*, tho' he is Knee deep in Snow all the Time.

Well *Charles*, I think I have done very handsomely in absenting myself so long from my "Gentle  
" *Kate*,"

“*Kate*,” on purpose to send an Account of Matters to you. And if you don’t think so to; (though I believe you are still uxorious enough to allow my Plea,) pray put yourself in my Situation for five Minutes, and then if you are not amazed at my Abstinence, I shall not scruple to call you ~~the~~ most unreasonable Fellow living whenever I meet you. Adieu, we are now going to station ourselves at Sir *Thorobred*’s, from whence Penitentials, Mediatorials, and Conciliatories, will be dispatched to my queer Father-in-law, with all due Ceremony and Expedition. *Encore* Adieu. Believe me, tho’ married, as much as ever, your

*William Easy.*

Sir THOROBRED RUGG to  
CHARLES MELMOTH, *Esq;*

*Foxhall,*

**D**Amnation, *Charles Melmoth*,  
I believe every body is mad,  
of our Acquaintance at least, and  
are determined to make my House  
their Bedlam. Here's your Brother  
*George* and *Maria* in the first Place;  
they have been prating and preach-  
ing and palavering one another over,  
till they have both persuaded them-  
selves they were in Love; and so  
then my Uncle was to be wrote to,  
and fetched to see their Folly, and  
consent to *their* Running in Cou-  
ples.

By



· By and by I hear a confounded  
 Noise and Rattle at my Gate, and  
 who of all the Fools in the World  
 should bolt out of a Post-chaise,  
 but our poor silly Friend *Easy*, with  
*Kitty Hartley* tack'd to his Tail by  
 Way of Help-mate. However,  
 they have had a long Run for it,  
 and good Sport I dare swear. Let  
 me see. A damn'd silly Scheme  
 of old *Hartley's* about one *Pedant*,  
 first unkennell'd them. 'Twas at  
 his House they broke cover. And  
 then took off strait an End to *Edin-*  
*burgh*. The old Fellow and *Pe-*  
*dant* after them, full cry. A fine  
 Burst by God? Well, at *Edin-*  
*burgh* they headed back it seems,  
 and before old *Hartley* got there,  
 were both earth'd safe enough at  
*Foxhall*. However, the old Dog  
 L 2                    stuck

stuck to the Scent, and was here yesterday Morning by ten o'Clock to dig 'em out again. As for *Pendant*, he lagg'd, and was lost somehow as soon as he lost Scent of Matrimony. However, I'm glad to see *Easy* has so much Bottom. I never thought he'd have run half so well. And the old Buck is in good Humour too, now he finds Things can't be altered.

So I have got a fine Housefull of 'em too ; and not a Creature, except your Brother, knows which Side of a Horse to mount on ; like that poor stupid Rascal *Nineveh*, that didn't know his Right-hand from his left, as King *Solomon* says. I wish you and your Wife were here with all my Soul, for the Lovers talk all of them so much like

like Fools, and *Hartley* so much like an old Schoolmaster, that there's no bearing them ; and my Uncle you know is a devilish Slugg in Conversation at best. So that at present I'm absolutely not Master of my own House, and can hardly squeeze in a Word edgeways about *Surly* or my Chesnut Stone-horse. Faith I begin to find it very true, what my old Friend *Virgil* used to tell me when I was at School, in his Art of Prophecy ; that it was impossible to couple a Horse's Neck to a Man's Head. I believe he said, People would laugh at you, if you tried at it.

“ *Humano Capiti Ristum teneatis Equinum;*”

You remember what I mean. And indeed he was pretty right there too, for they generally do when I

L 3                      begin;

begin ; and *Will Easy* in particular, who knows no more of a Horse than I do of a Rhinoceros. Poor ignorant Fellow ! And *George* too, though he sometimes will ride with me, yet he always pulls his Boots off and Dresses when he comes in, and scents himself with all Manner of Nastiness for my Sister to smell to him. He never goes by my Kennel but the Dogs give tongue ; and when he came down here, was mistaken at two or three Inns for *Bailey* the great Perfumer in *Cockspur-Street*. So I'm always obliged to carry a Fox's Pad in my Pocket to prevent being infected. Love, Love, Love, and Ottah of Roses from Morning till Night ! Damn it, I'll go and coquet with my Horse !

*Thorobred Rugg.*

WILLIAM

WILLIAM EASY to CHARLES  
MELMOTH.

*Foxhall, September.*

WELL, my Dear Friend,  
here we are all assembled,  
like Characters in the last Scene of  
a Comedy, for the Sake of Matri-  
mony.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

*William Easy*, Esquire, a young  
Gentleman of polite Accomplish-  
ments, (will that do to begin,  
*Charles?*) just married to Miss  
*Hartley*, against her Father's Con-  
sent. A Runaway Match. (Does  
that look Polite? I'm afraid it is  
too common amongst the *Canaille*  
now! Damn the Dogs, how soon  
they ape all our Fashions!)

L 4

Mr.



Mr. *Hartley*, or *Christopher Hartley*, Esquire, a Sir Wou'd-be Literate, Father to Miss *Hartley*; displeased at first, but afterwards reconciled to the Match.

*George Melmoth*, a young Officer; rather fine, but of good Reputation; (I may venture to say that, mayn't I?) on the Brink of Matrimony with Miss *Rugg*.

Mr. *Rugg*, her Uncle and Guardian, an inoffensive Chip-in-Porridge sort of a Man.

Sir *Thorobred Rugg* — whose Character I must omit as infinitely too Eccentric for my Pen to do Justice to.

The Reverend *Tom Fetlock*, a stupid Parson, useful enough in the marrying Way.

WOMEN.

W O M E N.

Mrs. *Easy*, late Miss *Hartley*.  
A Goddess!

Miss *Rugg*. A good natured sensible Girl, with a good Fortune.

And Sir *Thorobred*'s two Aunts, whom I had almost forgot to mention; A Couple of old Snuff-boxes, or Rolls of Pigtail Tobacco.

SCENE, *Foxhall*.

Servants, Horses, Victuals and Drink, Licences, Settlements, &c.

ACT 1st. SCENE 1st.

And here, if you please, we will drop our Theatrical Embellishments,

ments, and give you a plain Historical Account of Things. I mentioned in my last our Intention of stopping at Sir *Thorobred's*, and dispatching our Penitentials from that Quarter. But the old Gentleman has saved us the Trouble. For we had hardly been stationed here four and twenty Hours, just Time enough to tell our Adventures, eat a comfortable Meal, and enjoy a good Night's sleep upon it, when the next Morning about half an Hour after Breakfast, as I was sauntering in the Hall with the Baronet, I heard a Carriage stop at the Gate, and presently in stump'd old *Hartley*, with his two Ivory-headed Canes in one Hand, and his Hat and Handkerchief in the

the

the other. You may guess I found myself in a little *Embarras* at his appearing so unexpectedly. Sir *Thorobred* advanced to receive him.

“ He begg’d Pardon, he said, for  
 “ troubling him with this Visit,  
 “ but that it was needless to mention the Occasion of it, and that  
 “ he should be glad of a little  
 “ private Conversation with me.”

So in he went to Sir *Thorobred*’s Study; and I followed, with as little Inclination as ever I did at *Eton* to receive a Flogging. And faith I believe I look’d monstrous silly, not unlike a condemned Schoolboy. However, as it has been always a Rule invariable with me, whenever I am on the wrong Side of the Question, to carry Matters with

with an high Hand; and behaving myself as the injured Person, to astonish my Plaintiff into Silence by the unexpectedness of the Retort: I resolved not to be wanting to myself in the present Attack, and had already prepared a tolerable Volley of Recrimination to counterpoise my Antagonist, when my Expectations were very agreeably disappointed. So far from arraigning me with all the just Resentment of an injured Parent, he only censured me mildly for the Precipitancy and Unkindness of my Conduct towards him, and after sagaciously remarking (which I suppose he had discovered in his Way from *Edinburgh* as well as ourselves,) that “ What was done  
“ could



“ could not be undone,” and that  
 “ We should always make the best  
 “ of a bad Bargain,” with a few  
 more pretty Proverbials of the  
 same Sort; he absolutely found  
 me Guilty only of Petty Larceny,  
 and enquired kindly after his  
 Daughter, desiring to see her. I  
 need not tell you my Amazement  
 at a Reception so entirely unhop-  
 ed for, nor of the many Vows and  
 Protestations I gave him in return  
 for it. I ran up Stairs to *Kitty*,  
 whom I found with Miss *Rugg* at  
 her Elbow, in no small Consterna-  
 tion. My Intelligence was Spirits  
 of Hartshorn to her. Down she came  
 instantly, not forgetting however to  
 look as Melancholy and Repentant  
 as possible, and threw herself at  
 his

his Feet. He, immediately raised her up you know; and so then, after allowing a sufficient Quantity of Slobbering, and Blessing, and White Handkerchief Work; all was well again. I believe we are all apt to form Judgments of People in Proportion to their good or bad Behaviour towards ourselves, and indeed we should be sad Wretches if we did not shew some such Gratitude to our Benefactors; but I really think I never knew old *Hartley* so agreeable, or felt half so much regard for him, as at present. We all get our Health here as well as can be expected, and both young and old are exceedingly Convivial. In about a Week your poor Brother's Slip-Knot is to

to be drawn tight; and according to old *Hartley*, I am likely to come in for a second Edition of Matrimony, as he seems not at all satisfied with the Validity of any Thing on the other Side the *Tweed*. So “in for a Penny, in for a Pound,” as they say; I have nothing to do but submit myself. And yet I don’t know, *Charles!* a *Double Knot* is confoundedly difficult to be untied, though one should have ever so great a Mind for it. Well, God help us, poor Souls, since we must “March! Two and Two, “*Newgate Fashion!*” as *Bardolph* says. God help us, say I, and keep us all from Quarrelling, and that we may not hate one another,

is

is the sincere Wish and Prayer of  
*William Easy* the married Man.

I had almost forgot to tell you that I could not rest till I had endeavoured to find out the Cause of *Hartley's* wonderful Acquiescence, and where his Rarity of a Companion had bestowed himself. Upon enquiring of his Servant, I found that his Master upon first missing us, which was about two Hours after our Departure, flew into a most violent Passion, and would have prepared for an immediate Pursuit; (now I did not imagine he would have pursued us at all) but that upon *Pedant's* over-persuasion, they delayed it till the next Morning. That upon their Arrival at *Edinburgh*, finding the

the Turtles paired and flown, the old Gentleman appeared very thoughtful; and hearing some how or other of our Intention to visit *Foxball*, he determined to follow us thither, and proposed it to his Companion, who seemingly acquiesced. But that next Morning upon his enquiring after him at Breakfast, no *Pedant* was to be found, nor any body that could give the smallest Account of him. Old *Hartley* was inconsolable; and People were just beginning to propose a grand Searching of Horse-ponds, Hog-tubs, and I suppose Necessaries, had there been any; when one of the Postilions or Bootcatchers recollected, that he had seen a maddish looking Gentleman go out of their House very



early in the Morning to a Stage-Coach that was passing, which he believed he went away with, but could not tell whether it was in the Inside or the Basket. So here all our Wonderments are unriddled, and our Reception accounted for. For the sneaking Animal you see, finding all his Hopes at an End, thinks proper to slink off, and leave *Hartley* to make the best of it. This piques the old Gentleman, who begins at last to open his Eyes a little and perceive what a Fool he has been. And so, considering as he says, that "What is done cannot be undone," he resolves to put the best Face upon Things, and make up his Mind as well as he can about it, before he sees us. I wondered what the Deuce made him

him so amazingly *Piano* upon the Occasion, but this clears up the Mystery. And as for *Pedant*, he has shewn his Wisdom too. For to be sure his Appearance at the Baronet's must have been rather a silly one, circumstanced as he was, like Squire *Gawkey* at the End of a Pantomime, when he finds *Harlequin* in full Possession of his Mistress. So All's well that Ends well, that I may conclude like my Father-in-law with a Proverb, and I forthwith subscribe myself,

Yours, sincerely,

*W. Easy.*

F I N I S.

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